

1D. CHRISTMAS NUMBER NEXT TUESDAY. 1D.

SPECIAL
PRIZES
FOR
Ladies'
WORK.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY

£100
Football,
AND
£1,000
Railway
INSURANCE.

See page 350.

Vol. I.—No. 22.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

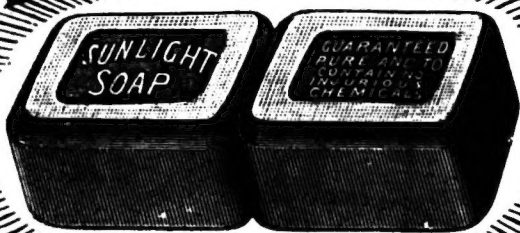
DECEMBER 20, 1890.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

LESS LABOUR

SUNLIGHT



SOAP

GREATER COMFORT

GUARANTEED PURE AND TO CONTAIN NO INJURIOUS CHEMICALS.

Full name and Address on Postcard to LEVER BROS. LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, near BIRKEN-
HEAD for Rules of the

SUNLIGHT SOAP MONTHLY COMPETITION.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS ONLY. Competitors not to be over 17 years of Age Last Birthday.

Prizes Value Over £800.

60 Silver Keyless Lever Watches, value £4 4s. each. 100 Silver Keyless Watches, value 30s. each. 8 Tricycles and 8 Safety Bicycles.

Purchasers see that you get a Sunlight Soap Wrapper with each Tablet.

Ask your Tailor for "MADDOCK'S BELWARP SERGES AND COATINGS."

THE BELWARP
SERGES
AND
COATINGS.




60 VARIETIES TO CHOOSE FROM.

THE LEADING FEATURES OF THE BELWARP COATINGS AND SERGES:
They are PERFECTION of MANUFACTURE, combining the EXCELLENCE and HARDWEARING
QUALITIES of the old ENGLISH MANES with all improvements effected by the most modern Machinery.

DYED WITH WOODED DYES ONLY.

The Colours are the Fore Permanent, not only not Water and Chlorine changes.

The BELWARP SERGES and COATINGS are SUITABLE for EVERY KIND of

Morning and Evening Wear &
Travelling and Tourists' Suits.

They are made in a variety of qualities, from the lowest to the highest-priced ones, to suit every class of
wearer. The qualities can all be repeated, and are always uniform and reliable.

For LADIES' TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES and for BOYS' HARD WEAR they are the Best
in the World.

As a guarantee of material and dye, every yard is stamped on the back with the registered word,
"BELWARP," without which no cloths are genuine. Supplied Direct from the Mill TO TAILORS
ONLY, by the Sole Manufacturers,

JOHN MADDOCK & CO., BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.

Fry's

Pure

TO SECURE THIS
ARTICLE ASK FOR FRY'S
CONCENTRATED COCOA.

This preparation of Cocoa is exceedingly
soluble and easily digested. It makes a most
delightful beverage for breakfast or supper.
46 PRIZE MEDALS. Diploma of Honour, Highest Award,
Edinboro', 1890.

Cocoa

Ladies are invited to write to
LEWIS'S, in Market Street, MAN-
CHESTER, for Patterns of the
"WONDERFUL VELVETEN"
at 2s. a yard. LEWIS'S Wonderful
Velveten is well-known all over the
world. It is Fast Pile and Fast Dyed,
and every inch is GUARANTEED.
If a dress should
wear badly, or be in
any respect faulty,
LEWIS'S will Give
a NEW DRESS for
Nothing at all, and
PAY the FULL
cost for MAKING
and TRIMMING.

WONDERFUL VELVETEN

The price of this Beautiful Velveteen, in Black, and all the most
Beautiful Colours now worn, is 2s.
a Yard. This quality Velveteen
is sold by the best Drapers at
3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. a Yard.
LEWIS'S Manufacture this Velveteen
and sell it direct to the public,
and Ladies should
WRITE (on an ordi-
nary Post-card) for
PATTERNS OF
THIS EXTRAOR-
DINARY VELVETEEN and judge for
themselves of the
wonderful quality.

at 2/- a Yard.

Carriage Paid on all Orders. DRESS MATERIALS FOR THE PRESENT SEASON. Ladies who desire to be well dressed should write to LEWIS'S for Patterns of New Dress Materials. They will be astonished at the value offered. Please mention *Pearson's Weekly* and address in full:
LEWIS'S, in Market Street, MANCHESTER.

All communications with reference to Advertising should be sent to Advertisement Department, "Pearson's Weekly," Sell's, 168, Fleet Street, London, E.C.
Publishing and Editorial Offices: Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

2,000 FUR-LINED GENTLEMEN'S COATS, £5 to £10.

In Buying Fine Furs and Sealskin Jackets
SAVE 50 PER CENT.

BY GOING TO

L. H. PHILLIPS,

52 and 53, NEWGATE STREET.

£10,000 worth Sealskin Garments and Ladies' Furs at Half-price.

OTHER PEOPLE ARE TRADING UPON OUR NAME.

CAUTION.—This is L. H. Phillips, opposite the General Post Office, and the only address—

L. H. PHILLIPS, 52 & 53, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

Dining-room Skin Rugs Half-price.

500 Fur Carriage Rugs, 25s.

MUSIC in the HOUSE

MAKES CHEERFUL
HAPPY HOMES.

The Most Popular Musical Instrument of the
Day is

A MELODEON.

The long evenings pass much more pleasantly
with a mixture of Music and Song.

CAMPBELL'S

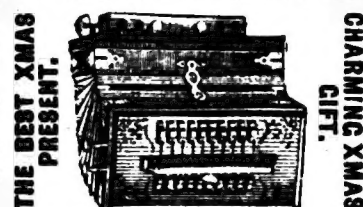
(PATENT)

Broad Reed Melodeons.

GRAND NEW MODELS.

Melodeons.

Melodeons.



Melodeons.
Melodeons.

XMAS GOOD NEWS GIFTS.

AN UNPARALLELED OFFER.
Pearson's Weekly.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL
"GEM" MELODEON.
6s. 6d. — 6s. 6d.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ
and Celestial Tone, sent carefully
packed and carriage paid to any address
in Great Britain and Ireland on receipt
of P.O. for 6s. 6d.

GRAND XMAS GIFT.

AN UNPARALLELED OFFER.
Pearson's Weekly.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL
"MINIATURE" MELODEON.
10s. — 10s.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ
and Celestial Tone, and the Charming
Bell Accompaniment, sent carefully
packed and carriage paid to any address
in Great Britain and Ireland on receipt
of P.O. for 10s.

THE BEST XMAS PRESENT.

AN UNPARALLELED OFFER.
Pearson's Weekly.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL
"F. VOURITE" MELODEON.
16s. 6d. — 16s. 6d.
"By Her Majesty's Royal Letters
Patent," with Patent Visible Double
Valve, 7 Stops, Organ and Celestial
Tone, and Charming Bell Accompani-
ment. Sent carefully packed and
carriage paid to any address in Great
Britain and Ireland on receipt of P.O.
for 16s. 6d.

NO DECEPTION HERE.

XMAS 100,000 TESTIMONIALS XMAS
Important Testimonial from Professor
BROWN, the Champion Melodeon Player
of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales:
"CAMPBELL'S Patent Melodeons are the
Finest Instruments that have ever come
under my touch, and only require a trial
to advertise themselves." CAMPBELL'S
PATENT MELODEONS are the only
Genuine Melodeons in the Market. Beware
of Worthless Imitations.

N.B.—All lovers of music should at once
send for our New Illustrated Privilege Price
List for Season 1890-91, now ready. 100,000
of these valuable lists sent out yearly. Send
1d. stamp to

CAMPBELL & CO.,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS.
116, TRONGATE, GLASGOW.
(ESTABLISHED FIFTY YEARS.)

EPPS'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING COCOA

SCOTCH TWEEDS,
ALL WOOL.

Write direct for Patterns of Scotch Tweeds
for Gentlemen's Suits, also Clan Tartans
and Home Spun Costume Cloths for Ladies'
Dresses, in the Newest and most Fashionable
Styles, Knee Rugs, Blankets, &c., manu-
factured by

CURRIE, M'DOUGALL & SCOTT,
Langhaugh Mills, Galashiels, N.B.

And thereby save two intermediate
profits at least.

PATTERNS FREE. PARCELS PAID.

LADIES' WINTER FABRICS AND EVENING DRESSES. EDMONDSON'S SUPERIOR LEEDS FABRICS

The NEW WINTER PATTERNS
are NOW READY, and will
be forwarded Post Free on
application.

For Ladies' Dresses, Now the Prevailing Fashion.

NEW WINTER FABRICS in Cheviots, Snowflecks, Plaids, Spots, and
NEW EVENING DRESSES in Net, Tulle, Gauze, Pongee, Surah, Merino,
Chiffons, Nun's Veiling, Crêpe de Chine, Tinsels and Cloth of Gold.
The LARGEST STOCK in the Kingdom to select from, and the CHEAPEST PRICE GUARANTEED.
For 50 years we have supplied the Wholesale Houses with our noted Fabrics, and we are now supplying
them to LADIES DIRECT, SAVING THEM the HEAVY intermediate PROFITS.
Velveteens of our guaranteed make in 10 qualities. Indigo Dyed S-rages, Guaranteed Sun, Rain, and Salt Water.
MANTLE CLOTHS, MANTLE SILKS, MANTLE PLUSHES,
SILK SEAL PLUSHES, 4s. 6d. per yard, 24 inches wide, to 11s.
ANY LENGTH CUT. Carriage paid on parcels over £1 in value to any Railway Station in the Kingdom. Please
EDMONDSON'S WAREHOUSE, LEEDS, and mention PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

A NEW GAME FOR LAWN OR PARLOUR,
SUITABLE FOR ALL AGES

With India Rubber Vacuum Arrow, which
will adhere to the Target, and indicate
the score.

Bronze Pistol, 8in. long, with
Arrow and Target, 2/-.

Nickel-plated Pistol,
8in. long, with
Arrow and Tar-
get, 3/6.

Sold by all Toy
and Fancy Goods
Dealers.

Agent for the
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Trade—
LEWIS WILD,
13, EDMUND PLACE, LONDON, E.C.

HARMLESS PISTOL.

Quickly correct all irregulari-
ties, remove all obstructions
and relieve the distressing
symptoms so prevalent with the
sex. Boxes 1s. 11d. and
2s. 9d. of all Chemists, or will
be sent anywhere on receipt of
15 or 34 stamps by the maker,
**E. T. TOWLE, Chemist,
NOTTINGHAM.**

**Towle's
Pennyroyal
Steel Pills**

FOR FEMALES

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

PISO'S CURE for Consumption.
PISO'S CURE cures Asthma and Bronchitis.
PISO'S CURE cures Croup and Whooping Cough.
PISO'S CURE cures all Coughs.

Pleasant
to
take.

Price 1s. 11d. of all Chemists.

Agent:—J. TOMLINSON, CHELMSFORD, ESSEX.

"MYSTERIA."
THE NEW SPECIAL BOOK FOR ALL MEN AND WOMEN.
THE true Guide to Married and Single Life; not to advertise any doctor or medicine. 144 pp.
post free as a letter, 1s.; cloth gilt, 1s. 3d.—BOETHOS PUBLISHING CO., 30, Lord Street,
Liverpool.—A lady writes:—"Will the publishers of 'Mysteria' kindly oblige by sending a
copy of the book to my daughter, at given address." A legal gentleman says:—"This is a
very good book. I will give a copy to my son and one to my daughter." A newspaper editor
writes:—"I have read the book, and think it calculated to do much good."

IMPORTANT TO BORROWERS.
ADVANCES GRANTED PRIVATELY, FROM
£10 to £1,000,
to Ladies, Gentlemen, and Traders generally, upon their NOTE OF HAND
ALONE, or upon Mortgage of Furniture, Plant, Stock, &c., without removal;
also upon Life Policies, Deeds, Reversions, &c., at FIVE PER CENT. For
further particulars apply to the actual lender,
MR. A. EDWARDS, 46 and 47, Temple Chambers,
Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

PAIN'S GREAT CHAMPIONSHIP LETTER-COUNTING COMPETITION.



The First Prize, and the largest house
is an Eight-roomed House, of great
Value, £300; also 10 to 12 other valuable
houses to be given. Full rules and particulars
with "Presentation Form" for the
named Competition, will be given to
entering either one of the following
for all Letter Counting Competitions:
Ind or Work. Over 300,000 have already
paid! Pain's Grand "Xmas" Compe-
tition for the Season of 1890. Easy to
participate in! Easy enough for all to
work around the fire, which will be
both pleasant and instructive. Prizes
£30, £20, £10, £5, £3, £2, 20 at 10s. each
full certain, no matter how many
Competitors. To those counting cor-
rectly the letter "C" in the 1st chapter
of I. Corinthians. Use the old and
version of the Bible, and not the
Count all letters together, including
verses to count, and not headings of chapters or references. Simply count the letters
in the verses. Thus it is a perfectly legal, fair, and easy working Competition for all. All
given to those who count most correctly; they are given for best work and not for
simply getting an ordinary sheet of writing paper, and writing very rapidly, with pencil on the
top of the paper, first the word "C" Competition, your full name and address,
then the number you make in each of the 18 chapters, and total of all. Write on
your paper only. Enclose nothing but your list. 2s. Postal Order, or 2s. 1d. stamps, en-
fee, and 2d. stamps for full printed result in envelope, and post same as soon as possible
not later than Monday, December 29th, as Competition closes, certain, Tuesday, December
Printed result, containing winners' full names and addresses, and the correct number of
chapter will be posted to every Competitor, positively not later than Friday, January
Prizes come same day. Then you have only to wait ten days to know the result after send-
your work. If entries permit, prizes are largely increased in Pain's Competitions, but
decreased no matter how few may enter. If no one counts correctly, prizes will be
for the nearest correct work. If several send the correct numbers, PAIN reserves the
right of either adding together the prizes, and dividing them amongst the correct work-
ers, or giving further deciding work to the tying competitors. Don't forget that the
result of this and the full wing Competition will be sent full particulars of the
House Prize, which will bring the winner an income for life. Just fancy yourself
for the rent each week! Only one person from same address to enter the Compe-
tition without help of any kind, and each to declare at the foot of their list that they
done the entire work alone. Address letters: W. T. PAIN, "The Prizeries," 39, Queen Street,
Folkestone, and 14 St. Michael's Street, Folkestone.

Cash Prizes: £30, £20, £10, £5, £3, £2, and 20 at 10s. each (£100 in all). To be
full, no matter how few send, to those counting most correctly the letter "D" in
twelve chapters of Daniel. This competition closes Friday, January 2nd, certain, and
to be posted to each Competitor, positively, Monday, January 12th, latest. Entries
1s. Postal Order or 1s. 1d. stamps, and 2d. stamps for full printed result. Other
and conditions the same as in "C" Competition above, except that lists must be headed
"£50 'D' Competition."
Cash Prizes: £30, £20, £10, £5, £3, £2, 20 at 10s. each (£100 in all). To be
paid in full, no matter how few send, to those counting most correctly the letter "D" in
16 chapters of I. Corinthians. This competition closes Tuesday, January 6th, certain, and
to be posted to every Competitor, positively, Friday, January 10th, latest. Entries 1s.
Postal Order, or 2s. 1d. stamps, and 2d. stamps for full printed result. Other rules and
conditions the same as in "C" Competition above, except that lists must be headed "£100
Competition."

SPECIAL NOTICE!
ANOTHER OF PAIN'S XMAS OFFERS.
To every Competitor in either one of the above Competitions will be presented a
(same to be sent with results of Competitions), to enter entirely free of charge (without
ment of the entrance fee of 2s.), another of Pain's Easy Letter Counting Competitions, for
over £100 and the easy task will be to count the letter "A" in the thirteen chapters
Hebrews. Address letters: W. T. PAIN, "The Prizeries," 39, Queen Street, Folkestone,
14, St. Michael's Street, Folkestone.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. 22.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

DECEMBER 20, 1890.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

NEXT week's issue will be our Christmas Number. Its price will be ONE PENNY. Most of the special pages will be omitted to make room for matter particularly suited to the festive season.

The number will contain the announcement of the result of our Novel Prize of "A PRETTY WIFE AND £100 A YEAR FOR LIFE."

There will be plenty of stories, plenty of fun, and plenty of interesting articles; in fact, so far as reading matter is concerned, we have no hesitation in saying that our Christmas Number will be the best pennyworth of the season—better, indeed, than many higher in price.

It will be on sale on TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23rd. As Christmas Day falls on a Thursday (our usual publishing day), this change is rendered necessary. We are led to believe that the publication of the paper early in the week will be approved of by both trade and public, and therefore after Christmas Tuesday will continue to be the day on which this paper is issued.

As bookstalls and newsagents' shops show plainly enough, Christmas is a great time for buying papers of one kind and another.

We hope that readers who find this comparatively new publication to their liking will be kind enough to draw the attention of their friends who are not readers to our next week's number, in order that they may be induced to include it among their purchases of the season's literature.

The success which has already attended our efforts "To Interest, to Elevate, to Amuse," renders us confident that a very large proportion of those whose first purchase of the paper takes the form of the Christmas Number, will continue among our subscribers.

Pearson's Weekly is a big venture, and requires a proportionately big sale. If you are pleased with it, get your friends to order the Christmas Number at once, and thus give us a practical proof of your appreciation. The object of ordering now is to enable the newsagent to regulate his supply properly.

THE WINTER DRESS OF MEN.

WHEN any question is raised as to the wisdom or otherwise of certain modes or habits in regard to dress, it is commonly supposed that only foolish women and helpless children require advice. There are, perhaps, at least as many men as women who suffer from the effects of cold through injudicious neglect of the clothing suitable for winter use, and thus contract sciatica, rheumatism, or pneumonia.

Men acquire lumbago from the open coat and the waistcoat with a cotton back, which ought to be lined with flannel. Not only do men frequently neglect to use an overcoat with the commencement of the cold season, but often they will leave the undercoat unbuttoned, so that it becomes almost useless as a means of protection in a cold wind.

Tight kid gloves and tight thin boots are frequent causes of cold hands and chilled feet, especially when accompanied by the persistent use of thin socks. When there is a known tendency to catarrh, or delicacy of the lungs, the garments should be made well-fitting round the neck, the collar not too loose and open, and the waistcoat buttoning high, while continuous flannel undergarments should be used uniformly over the body.

Dress clothes being so much thinner than those worn during the day, it is well that in winter a high-fitting waistcoat should be used under the shirt to protect the trunk. These, and many other common-sense points as to winter dress are frequently neglected till mischief has occurred, or a warning has taught wisdom. The wise man is he who changes his clothing according to the weather in such a variable climate as ours.

FLOWERS AS FOOD.

A DINNER was given last summer, at which "stewed lilies" was the most favoured dish. It did not matter at all that the "stewed lilies" resembled inferior greens or cauliflowers in appearance, and as to taste—imagination fails to convey its awful wishy-washiness, if the term be allowed, yet every girl at the table declared, as she dipped her fork into the stewed novelty, that it was "perfectly delicious."

No pepper, no salt, no suspicion of butter defiled the purity of this lily stew; no muscle of the tortured fashionable gourmand's face betrayed the feeling that she was eating a dish that was similar to washed-out sunshine or the ghost of a stale sponge-cake. They were stewed lilies all the same, and if each partaker turns her head away at the sight of the flower in full bloom for some time to come, why inquire further? Is the mere fact of the effects of a first cigar to banish for ever the habit of smoking others?

Dandelions are converted by the skilful cook into the most palatable dish. They are gathered with care, and made into a healthful tea as well as into stewed vegetables. The dandelion is not always considered a flower, but it certainly is entitled, and justly so, to floral consideration.

The nasturtium makes a most delightful salad, the leaves being selected for the purpose as the most delicious portion. The peppery, peculiar taste tickles the palate of the epicure with its charms. The seed of this flower makes a most tempting pickle, and invites by its qualities an appetite to the most jaded palate.

Roses have always played an important feature in the high art of cooking. A favourite method of giving fish the taste of flowers at one time was to boil them in rose-water. The flavour was so thoroughly impregnated that you would imagine the fish was a rose itself. The rose as an article of food has a history which goes far back. It was well known to the ancient Greeks and Romans.

A HINT TO HOSTS.

MR. BIGGS liked to give and take a good dinner; a game at give and take that is very often only played upon one side. Biggs, however, had his weakness—if weakness it may be called—to delight in the very choicest cut of the food, whatever it might be. Nevertheless, when Biggs entertained company, it was impossible that he could openly secure for himself the prime of the dish. He therefore resorted to trickery, and Mrs. Biggs, the wife of his bosom—dear, good soul!—was his willing, smiling confederate.

We will, without further flourish of the pen, illustrate the manner of Biggs and his wife. The hour is, by this time, eight. A magnificent haunch of venison lies embrowned before Biggs. With what a curious, decisive, yet withal tender and loving hand, he works in and out of the haunch, cutting out of it, for one plate, its very soul of goodness. He piles the platter with a delicious heap of venison, and says, very softly, "John, your mistress."

The plate is laid before Mrs. Biggs, who is in animated talk upon the relative merits of *Pearson's Weekly* and other penny papers, or some equally obvious topic. She never sees the venison—knows not, even by her sensibility of nostril, that it lies before her. She continues vigorously arguing the relative merits of *Pearson's Weekly* and others. Biggs, with best industry and sharpest knife, helps every guest to venison—every one. It is then, and only then, that Mrs. Biggs lets her astonished eye drop upon the hillock of venison before her—with a half-pouting, half-scolding air she says, "My dear, dear Biggs, you know I never take venison."

Biggs had quite forgotten the fact. He is a little confused—but very little. He looks round him; every guest is served. In this dilemma it behoves him—as a man, a host, and a husband—to endeavour to make the best of his mistake; and he does so. In a self-accusing, yet withal conciliating way, he makes answer to his wife, "Dear, dear me! I forgot. I remember—you do not take venison. Well, my love—yes—send it to me." And after this fashion—aided and abetted by that self-sacrificing creature, his wife—Biggs always contrived to secure to himself the best cuts.

"N. FOR NANNIE, AND B. FOR BEN."

N. for Nannie, and B. for Ben;
I see them now as I saw them then,
On the bark of the oak-tree wed.
She sat waist deep in the clover white,
While the liquid gold of the June sunlight,
Swept over her sweet young head;
And I stood carving those letters twain,
Which time and the tempests all in vain
Have striven to blur and blot.
They live in the oak-tree's dusky grain;
Stamped is their memory on my brain;
Changing, changing, and fading not.

Oh! the vows that I vowed that day;
Their broken strands in my bosom stay,
Wounding it hour by hour.
Could I prove false to one so true?
Dared I prove cruel, my love, to you?
Oh, Nannie, my lily flower.
Ere the snow had whitened those letters twain,
In the old church porch you hid your pain
As I and my bride passed by.
Your eyes were brave, but your cheeks grew
White—
The cheek that I should have pillowed that night,
Where now it shall never lie.

Little Nannie, you are at rest,
Buttercups growing over your breast,
Close by the churchyard gate.
And I have lived to rue the day,
Gold tempted my steps from love away,
And mine is the saddest fate.
I'd give the rest of my life to-night
To see you sit in the clover white,
The sun on your locks of gold,
And carve once more, as I carved them then,
N. for Nannie, and B. for Ben,
On the bark of the oak-tree old.

IF LONDON WERE BESIEGED.

SUPPOSING that a hostile force succeeded in landing on our shores and beleaguering London, the lines of defence would contain five millions of people. How would they be fed? It costs as many pounds now to feed London for a twelvemonth as there are miles from the earth to the sun. What would it cost, then?

If this country were to lose the command of the seas, the people would starve. A blockade would knock off a third of the meat supply, and all the groceries. That popular gauge of prosperity, the quarter loaf, would at once treble in price, and fruit and vegetables would be a luxury. And in the stress London would come off worst.

Not long ago a snowstorm nearly caused a famine in the metropolis, and now a three days' fog in the Thames Valley would put us on half rations. To live, Londoners must hold the roads by land and sea, and keep them clear; if once the roads are blocked, they are doomed. The country is fed a good deal from abroad; London is fed almost entirely from the outside.

London within the lines—for, strangely enough, owing to the physiography of the Thames Valley, the fortifications of the metropolis would follow the outer boundaries of the metropolitan boroughs—grows hardly any of its food. The ever-advancing builder has appropriated the market gardens, and run streets through the cornfields, so that besides a few dairy farms and watercress beds, there is no area left for the produce of food within the only possible lines of defence.

By the road, the rail, and the river, all but an infinitesimal part of London's commissariat is carried in; and the consideration of how it is carried in times of peace will enable us best to appreciate what the difficulties would be in time of war.

"HERE is a whole ball of twine," said an irritable old gentleman to his musical niece. "And now I want to put a stop to this thing of sitting down in the parlour hours at a stretch, annoying the neighbours, yelling about the 'Lost Chord'."

THE SWITCH-TENDER.

A FRENCH RAILWAY STORY.

A LITTLE white house seems asleep among the apple-trees. It is early morning, and all is light and freshness. The door opens, a man appears at the threshold, a smile on his face and an expectant look in his eyes. There is a movement behind the trunk of an apple-tree. The man's smile grows broader, and from the tree, like a dryad, rushes a charming little flaxen-haired girl, who throws herself, with a burst of laughter, into his arms.

"May I take the little one, Celine?" asks the father. At these words a lovely blonde, the mother of the child, makes her appearance.

"Again!" she said, with a shade of annoyance.

"Oh! we share her very fairly," said the man, with the kindest and most paternal smile. "If you knew," he resumed, "how quickly the hours pass when she is down there with me."

"Don't you think I know, when I find them so long in her absence. Aimee grows more restless and troublesome every day. It is dangerous to let her go with you."

"What do you mean?" said the man, turning pale.

"I mean that I am afraid of your railway, with its trains and locomotives."

"You are very foolish."

"Leave her here. I can hardly breathe while my little girl is down there. It is frightful to think of, but she might get away and be killed."

"Don't talk so, Celine."

"She might run away while you were at the switch, and if you left it to look after her, you would fail in your duty, and might be the cause of a dreadful disaster."

"Oh, Celine, I beg of you, don't," cried Laurence, who shuddered at the idea. The young woman did not insist. The switch-tender gradually recovered himself. "My poor Aimee," he cried, embracing the child frantically. "It is too bad, Celine; it is a shame to frighten me so." Celine smiled, and the conversation ended as usual with these words from Laurence: "You will come for her at noon."

Little by little their terrors faded away. Laurence reasoned with himself:

"The child," he said, "is familiar with the passage of trains, it is true; but she is old enough to comprehend the danger." And his apprehension gradually vanished.

One evening, however, when he went home he found he had been preceded by the rumour of an accident which had occurred at a neighbouring station. A brakeman had been crushed by an express train. Celine questioned her husband while they were at supper.

"Is it true that Simon is killed?" she asked.

"No," replied Laurence; "he was in great danger, but he escaped, thanks to his wonderful coolness."

"Then he is not dead?" said Celine.

"No; and yet the whole train went over him. When Simon saw it was too late to save himself, he laid down flat in the middle of the track, and when the train passed by he got up again safe and sound. I saw him; I asked him how it made him feel. At first, he said, when the engine went over him, he was very warm; after that the time seemed long. That was all. You know Simon is not easily frightened. He is ready to go to work again," added Laurence, tranquilly.

But Celine's anxieties were aroused afresh. Some time after that the hours of service were changed, and Laurence took the night section. He could no longer think of taking Aimee with him. One evening, however, a poor woman in the village was taken very ill. The doctor who came wrote a prescription, and said to the neighbours he found there, "These medicines can only be had in the town, and you must not wait for them. Let one of you go to the railway-station, where there is a portable pharmacy, and ask the station-master, on my account, for a little laudanum. That will quiet the pains till you can have the prescriptions. Which of you will go?"

"Celine! Celine!" said several voices. It was certain that the station-master would not hesitate to give her the medicine.

The young woman thought at first of leaving Aimee, but, as she had been particularly restless all day, Celine concluded to take her. They had to pass Laurence's post to go to the station. He saw them coming, and as soon as they were within hearing, began to question them.

"Old Gertrude is very ill, and I am going to the station for medicine."

"That's right. But let me have Aimee; I will keep her till you come back."

Celine lifted the little girl over the fence to her father, who took the precious burden in his arms and returned with her to his box, before which a lamp was burning. All round darkness covered the tracks, which crossed each other in every direction. It would not take Celine more than twenty minutes to get to the station and back. The child was in one of her most frolicsome moods; she ran suddenly into the garden; Laurence ran laughing after her.

"You can't catch me," she said.

"You can't!"

But the little witch evaded Laurence's pursuit, leav-

ing laughter behind her. "Here, here," she said, and rushed to the track and began to cross it.

"Don't go there, darling," said her father. It was very dark; the switch-tender could hardly see his little daughter.

"You can't catch me," repeated the child.

"Come, come here," said her father.

"Look for me," answered the child.

"Aimee, Aimee, don't play any more; I shall be angry. Come here."

"Oh, you say that because you can't catch me."

"Come back, I will give you a cake."

"That isn't true; you haven't one. You want to make me come back."

"Yes, I don't want you to stay there. The express train is coming."

"Oh, I shan't let you catch me. The train has gone by."

"There is another."

Instead of replying, the child said, "Run after me, papa; run."

Laurence saw there was nothing to be done but to run after her and take her out of danger. He rushed towards the place where he heard her voice. It was dark, and Aimee escaped him still. His alarm increased. At any instant the whistle of the on-coming train might be heard, and Laurence redoubled his appeals. His voice was hoarse with fright; the fatal moment approached, and still the child laughed and repeated, "You can't catch me!" Now the whistle sounded. The lugubrious call paralysed the poor man, and he lost his head completely. The train would have two victims if he did not regain his composure. Two victims! It would be a catastrophe with incalculable consequences; for a train was stopping at the station a little way ahead, and if the express was not switched off, there must inevitably be a collision. Laurence shook off his torpor.

"Aimee!" he cried, in thundering tones.

"Here, papa!" And the child continued to give sharp little calls, which mingled with the roar of the approaching engine. The instinct of duty, rather than will, urged Laurence towards the switch. He seized the instrument which ought to turn the train. "No," he cried, "I must save her! Aimee, Aimee, where are you?" and his eyes sought to pierce the darkness. The switch-tender, with hair on end, thought of throwing himself before the iron monster. But one chance remained, that Aimee was not on the track over which the train must pass. He looked again, and this time he saw her. She was there, standing on the very track the train must take if he altered the switch. If the iron tempest did not take its true course, the child was saved. The train would go on to crash against the one at the station. What matter? Aimee would be alive! All this went through his mind like lightning. There would be the killed and wounded—twenty families in despair, but Aimee would be safe and sound. There would be an inquest; he would be condemned to prison, dishonoured, ruined! But his daughter, his Aimee, would live and be happy. Ah! how quickly one can think in such terrible moments.

The train came thundering on, but it could not be seen on account of a sharp curve in the road. There was still time to save Aimee, but the child would not stir. It seemed to her father that she waited for the train with an air of defiance.

"Aimee," he repeated, in a voice strangled by fear, "Aimee, come here; you will kill me!"

Suddenly the advancing lights of the engine appeared. The train was upon him; it was here. The man felt his whole being shake. He was bewildered—could see nothing; thought did not stop, however, but travelled faster than the train. He recalled in a second his honourable soldier's life, when he had sacrificed everything to duty. He saw in the station the frightful accident he would have caused, and heard the cries of the wounded, the last gasps of the dying. The problem was before him—his daughter or others? There was no alternative without a miracle. With astonishing promptitude, the sentiment of duty became most powerful, and he seized, mechanically, the handle of the iron bar. The stoical soldier at this moment was uppermost, and effaced the father. He pushed, hardly knowing what he did, and the express train crossed the switch.

On, on it went, and he could see it passing before the station, going by as if it were happy to escape a danger, and disappearing in the darkness. Duty had been strongest. Stupefied, staggered, speechless, Laurence was rooted to the spot, holding still the handle which had helped him to kill his child.

"Now," he said, "it is my turn to die."

The other train was about to pass. He stepped forward, crossed his arms, and awaited it. The whistle sounded, the heaving engine puffed. Bewildered, thinking of nothing, there he stood.

But that instant a burst of laughter sounded behind him. He turned, wild with hope.

"Oh, naughty papa, he won't play with Aimee," said the most beloved of voices.

The child was clinging to him. Laurence did not seek to know how the child came there, alive. He seized her, and fled with his treasure into his little cabin. Then he put her on the ground before the lamp and looked at her. He could not bear so much joy and fell fainting beside his daughter, who, in her turn, screamed with terror.

At this moment Celine arrived. She heard Aimee's voice, and hastened her steps. Then, becoming impatient, she called, "Aimee."

The child ran to meet her, crying, "Mamma, mamma, I am frightened."

"What is the matter?"

"Papa has fallen down."

Celine rushed towards the sentry-box, and found her husband completely insensible, stretched on the ground. She sent for help, and the doctor, who had not left the village, came and restored the poor man to consciousness. The next day when Laurence rose his wife looked at him in terror. Instead of his former bright colour he exhibited a corpse-like pallor which never left him to the end of his days. Laurence was forced to tell his wife all. When he had finished, the poor father turned to Aimee and said, "But, darling, why weren't you killed?"

"Why," said the child, "I did what Simon did,"

AN angler's paper says that "fish need exercise." Yes, and they take it, too. When we go fishing, we soon discover that the fish have gone visiting some of their relatives in the next county, or have left home to engage in a six-days' swimming match for the championship. And we are compelled to return home without interviewing any of them.

ONCE a crowd assembled in Euston Road round a little lost girl; the ladies gave her sweeties, etc., and all tried to find out where the lost one lived, but could get no answer. At length came a knowing policeman, who said,

"Well, my little dear, and where does your mother buy her gin?"

"Head," was the whisper.

"All right!" and he tenderly took her opposite the "Saracen's Head," saying, "And now, my dear, hop off home."

JAMES JINSON: "I am surprised to see you, old boy. I thought you had an engagement with an opera company for the entire season."

Willis Highsee: "So I had, but I have thrown it up."

"What was the matter?"

"I'll tell you how it was, just to show you how genius and talent are treated by the manager of an opera company. I was to play in the grand scene in which the prince appears on the stage riding on a stately elephant. Now, just listen to how I was treated. The manager assigned me to the left hind leg of the elephant, while two tramps, just picked out of the slums, were given the fore-legs. The manager apologised, but it was no good. I left the company."

DO YOU WANT TO GET ANYTHING OUT OF US?

Readers seem latterly to have been prevented from competing for the prizes we have offered during the last few weeks to those who would introduce the paper the most extensively among their friends and acquaintances, owing to the large number of coupons sent in by winners.

We want to make it worth everyone's while to enter for these prizes, and we shall, therefore, in future present each reader who forwards more than fifty coupons, a handsome gold-plated pencil and pen case, packed in a box. By this means everyone will be given a chance of winning a prize. A pencil-case will be given to everyone from whom we receive fifty or more of these notices, with the form at foot duly filled, the name and address of sender occupying first three lines in each. That there may still be a spirit of rivalry among readers who enter into this idea, we will further give ONE GUINEA to the person from whom the greatest number of coupons are received. Notices must reach us by first post every Wednesday at latest, and only those from the current issue will count. Write the word "Canvass," followed by the number of notices enclosed, in the top left-hand corner of the envelope you send. Names and addresses may be written in pen or pencil. Each coupon in a batch must be filled by a different individual with a different address.

On the recommendation of

M.....
of.....

I have purchased a copy of the current issue of
PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

(Signed).....

Address.....

Dec. 20, 1890.

HARD ON THE DOGS.

The Germans are certainly very direct in their methods. They have a way of going straight to the point and ignoring what intervenes. The muzzling regulation is in force in many German cities, and is vigorously carried out. For there is nothing a German dislikes, indeed, dreads, so much as a dog, except a draught.

This—as described by a correspondent whose dog was captured—is the way of going to work at Cologne. A long cart, like a meat safe, divided into pigeon holes, goes solemnly about the town from dawn till noon, driven by a boy and accompanied by two police-constables and a man. The constables seem to be ornamental merely, or perhaps are destined to give lustre to the exploit. The man is useful. They arm him with a huge shrimping net and a pair of gloves, and the deputation goes upon its rounds.

When a dog is seen without his muzzle the police stand "at attention" as if they were pointers; the boy stops the horse, the man puts on his gloves and brings the net down upon the dog. Then the victim is carefully extricated, placed in the meat safe, and the procession continues. Sometimes the dog, with canine instinct, sniffs his enemies afar. Then the net man has to be adroit. It is not easy to be adroit with a shrimping net in a narrow street where there is a great deal of traffic, and the dog generally escapes.

But by noon the meat safe is pretty full of unwary or corpulent dogs, who are carted off, kept for three days, and then killed. You may redeem for three marks, otherwise Tony is doomed. There is no proceeding before a magistrate, no summons, no law form. The cart just goes round and makes its prisoners.

A WELSH BALLAD.

BUT NOT SO WELSH AS IT LOOKS.

GRYFFOD-AP-LLEWELLYN PLYMM—

Watta nnaym to goeto bbedwyth—
Hhee wydd fyfle uppe to the eerss
Rhum-n-jynn-n-bbtye beers,
Ann-y-tyngne to sselle lys heddwyth,
Yt wys aull the ssaym to hymmie,
Gryffod-ap-Llewellyn Plymm
Fulle uf likkyr ty tthe brymm!

HOW ATLANTIC LINERS MAY BE DISTINGUISHED.

THE various lines of Transatlantic steamers have each a distinctive flag and a distinctive manner of painting their smokestacks. Comparatively few know, however, what these distinguishing signs of the great ocean steamers are.

When you see a steamer with her funnels painted red, a deep black band round the top, and two narrow black bands below, that is a Cunarder.

The funnels of the ships of the French Line to Havre are exactly like those of the Cunard Line, except the two narrow black bands, which the French steamers do not have.

The White Star steamers have yellow funnels with a black band round the top, and the Guion Line steamers black funnels with a red band some distance below the top.

Plain yellow funnels are the distinguishing feature of the North German Lloyd steamers, and the Red Star Line has funnels painted exactly like those of the White Star steamers, except that the former have a red star just below the black band at the top.

On the Inman Line the funnels are painted black, with a white band some distance below the top. The Anchor Line and the Hamburg Line both have funnels painted entirely black, but the practised eye readily distinguishes them.

Over the Cunard steamers floats a square red flag, on which is a golden lion rampant, holding the "orb of empire" in its paws. The Inman Line's flag is red with a white field, and in the field is a black diamond.

A red swallowtail with a white star in it is the flag of the White Star Line, and the Red Star steamers fly a white swallowtail, charged with a red star.

The Guion Line's flag is blue, with a large white diamond, in the centre of which is a black star.

A white flag, on which is a red anchor, is the one flown by ships of the Anchor Line; and the North German Lloyd ships fly a white flag, on which, in blue, are a key and anchor crossed and wreath of oak leaves. The French Line to Havre flies a white flag, bearing the name of the company in red.

At night, when these distinguishing features cannot be seen, a vessel announces her line by burning lights of a peculiar kind, a certain set of colours and pyrotechnics being adopted by each line.

Thus, if a Cunard steamer should meet another at night, and wish to exchange signals, she would burn a blue light, and fire off two Roman candles, each discharging six blue balls. If the ship signalled was an Inman steamer, she would show a blue light forward and aft, and a red light on the bridge, and fire a variegated rocket.

THE LARGEST SHOP IN THE UNITED STATES.

THIS is owned by John Wannamaker, Postmaster-General of the United States. It is situated at Philadelphia, U.S.A., and is a wholesale and retail clothing house. The ground area is, in round figures, 250 feet by 500 feet, and the floor space covers about 14 acres. The number of employes is about 4,000. Engines of over 500-horse power are required to drive the machinery for the ordinary convenience of the establishment; electric dynamos, pneumatic cash system; ventilators and pumps for the hydraulic power by which lifts are run. 104 horses are required for the delivery system. Prices are for prompt cash, the shop opening for business at 7.45 a.m., and closing at 6 p.m. It is fitted with long and short distance telephones and telegraph office. The business began in a small shop, dealing in men and boys' clothing, under the name of Wannamaker & Brown, on the 15th of April, 1861, and has increased until it is now by far the largest business establishment of the kind in the States.

A CRAFTY SKIPPER.

THE captain of a certain coasting vessel was at a great loss to get rid of the large numbers of rats that infested his craft. He resorted to all sorts of "vermin killers," but with no other result than that of getting his watch-dog poisoned. In vain did he pass night after night sitting up and watching the effect of an invention of his own—the "Patent Spring Rat-exterminator," which he had set in the hold. The rats multiplied more and more and day by day, and were now well-nigh unendurable.

With an air of desperation he started on his usual voyage, resolving that, by hook or crook, he would clear his ship of his enemies. When he returned to the deck he was apprised that an unusual event had occurred, in so much that a ship from America had arrived, laden with "American cheese." The skipper thought this a capital opportunity of consulting the captain of the ship; but on consideration he determined to try, as a last hope, a trick that had presented itself to his fertile brain. He got his cargo in at dusk, and laid his vessel alongside of the American, and all was ready to make sail in the morning.

Then, "in the witching hour of night," he placed a plank from his craft to his neighbour's, with the result that all the rats, being attracted by the savoury smell of the cheese, removed their lodgings to the American ship, and when the captain set sail he had the satisfaction of knowing that there was not a single rat on board.

PROVERBS ABOUT RAIN.

WHEN there is unusual clearness in the atmosphere, and objects are seen very distinctly, there will probably be rain. When clouds are gathering towards the sun at setting, with a rosy hue, they foretell rain.

"Evening grey and morning red
Put on your hat, or you'll wet your head."

If rain commences before day, it will stop before 8 a.m.; if it begins about noon it will continue through the afternoon; if not till 5 p.m., it will rain through the night; if it clears off in the night there will be rain the next day.

"If it rains before seven
It will clear before eleven."

If it rains before sunrise, expect a fair afternoon. If it rains when the sun shines, it will rain the next day. If clouds appear suddenly in the south, expect rain.

"Rain from the south prevents the drouth,
But rain from the west is always best."

When rain comes from the west it will not continue long. If rain falls during an east wind, it will continue a full day. If an assemblage of small clouds spreads out or becomes thicker and darker, expect rain. Small inky clouds foretell rain. Dark clouds in the west at sunrise indicate rain on that day. If the sky after fine weather becomes heavy with small clouds, expect rain.

"Evening red and morning gray
Will set the traveller on his way."

If there be a fleecy sky, unless driving north-west, expect rain.

If clouds open and close, rain will continue. Two currents of clouds indicate approaching rain. A pale yellow sky at sunset presages rain. If clouds float at different heights and rates, but generally in opposite directions, expect heavy rain.

"A mackerel sky,
Not twenty-four hours dry."

When a general cloudiness covers the sky, and small black fragments fly underneath, they indicate rain, and probably it will be lasting. Rain is indicated when

"Low o'er the grass the swallow's wing,
And crickets, too, how sharp they sing."

If water-fowl scream more than usual, and plunge into water, it is a sure sign that rain may be expected.

A GOOD AND SUFFICIENT REASON.

IN the times when political warfare waxed hot and relentless, there was a town in a west country in which the two parties were so equal that the variation of a single vote, one way or the other, might be a matter of most serious consequence. Of course, on both sides sharp eyes were open and watchful. A young man came up to the polling-place on election day, and offered his vote. It was his first appearance in the character of an elector, and he had the independence or audacity, to differ politically from his father. His father challenged his vote.

"On what grounds?" demanded the presiding officer.

"He isn't twenty-one."

"I am twenty-one," asserted the youth.

"No you're not," said the father; "you won't be twenty-one till to-morrow."

"I say I will," cried the youth. "I was born on the twelfth day of November. It's down in the old Bible."

"Then it's a mistake," said the old man. "You weren't born till the morning of the 13th of November, I can vow."

"How can you?"

"How?" repeated the old man, indignantly, "Goodness gracious, wasn't I there?"

"Well," returned the son, with proud defiance, "wasn't I there too?"

The young man voted.

WHAT a strange thing it is that a poor man who gives way to an appetite for the alcoholic stimulants is a "miserable drunkard." A moderately well-to-do person with the same failing is "his own enemy," or "a good fellow, with only one fault," whilst a brandy and champagne-soaked millionaire is "a jolly and genial gentleman, whose hospitality is boundless." Queer world, alas!

HE was a tiresome beau, and the girl couldn't get rid of him to save her life. The other evening he called, and, during the conversation, or rather near its close, she said,

"I dreamed about you last night."

"No!" he exclaimed, with a smile as big as the mouth of a river.

"Yes; I dreamed you had proposed to me."

"And—and—" he hesitated, blushed, looked appealingly at her, and put out his arms in a dazed sort of way, "and what did you think, my—my—"

"I thought—I thought—" she also hesitated and blushed, then stopped.

"Well, my—my—what did you think?" he stammered, in impatient hopefulness.

"I thought it must have been the mince-pie I ate before retiring that gave me the nightmare."

A LECTURER who had for several minutes harangued his audience on the beauties of politeness was interrupted by a man who rose and said,

"That's all very well—mighty fine talkin' an' all that, but in this town politeness doesn't pay."

"You are mistaken, sir," the lecturer answered; "politeness pays in any and all towns."

"No, you are wrong," the interrupter persisted; "it doesn't pay here. I'll tell you why. For some time I have been eating at a lunch-counter round yonder, and I noticed that every man sat up to the counter with his hat on, and as I wasn't brought up that way, I thought I would take off my hat, and I did so."

"Well, but did anyone object?" the lecturer asked.

"Oh, no, there was no objection; but, you see, some fellow stole my hat."

ACT ON THIS IF YOU LIKE THE PAPER.

If you appreciate our efforts "to interest, to elevate, to amuse," will you help us make the paper known by handing specimen copies to your friends? Readers who will so far trouble themselves as to do this will be giving the most practical proof possible of their approbation.

We will gladly send (carriage free, of course) the number of specimen copies for which any reader asks. Foremen, time-keepers, overmen, and others in large factories and workshops are in a position to render particularly valuable assistance in this way.

We hope that any readers who know people in such positions will kindly send us their names and addresses, so that we may be able to write and offer them specimen copies for distribution.

Were we providing no larger a pennyworth of reading matter than some of our contemporaries, we should be able to advertise extensively. As it is, we feel we may ask those whom we succeed in pleasing to make the paper known a little in this manner.

We have printed on small gummed slips a facsimile of the heading with some wording round it. To those who will make use of these we shall be most happy to forward a packet.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

178. Which Country owns the most Islands?

The British Empire is the largest owner of island territory. To begin with, according to the Census Commissioners, Great Britain and Ireland comprise, in addition to the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, more than 5,000 islands and islets, by far the greater number being uninhabited and, in very many instances, mere rocks. In the central Mediterranean we possess Malta, with Comino and Goso. In the Southern Atlantic, Ascension, the group of which Tristan d'Acunha is the chief, Inaccessible Island, the Falkland and Nightingale Islands, South Georgia, and St. Helena. On the West coast of Africa, Lagos. In the Indian Ocean, Socotra, Mauritius, and the Seychelle Islands. In the East are many, including Cyprus, the Andaman and Nicobar Islands, Ceylon, and the Maldives and Laccadive groups. In Canada we own Prince Edward Island, Vancouver, the Queen Charlotte Islands, Newfoundland, Cape Breton, and Anticosti. The countless islands, islets, and isolated rocks included in the West Indies are ours, with the islands in Oceania, and, not least interesting, the group of 225 known as the Fiji Islands.

180. What is the Annual Expenditure in this Country on Church and Chapel Building?

The Church of England, according to the year-book of that body, expends on the average a little over a million sterling every year in the erection or restoration of churches. There are no like statistics in respect of all the various Nonconformist bodies throughout the country, but it is calculated that the amount expended by them for similar purposes must average from half to three-quarters of a million sterling, making the total yearly expenditure in this country on church and chapel building between one and a half and one and three-quarter millions sterling.

181. Was Adam Black or White?

It has been supposed by some that Adam and his wife were negroes. Dr. Prichard asserts that instances are not unfrequently observed in different countries in which negroes gradually lose their black colour, and become as white as Europeans. But the wide differences of physical conformation which distinguish the Negro from the Caucasian forbid the deriving of the latter of these two varieties from the former, without an intermixture with a race of distinct origin. To attribute so great a transformation to physical laws operating upon a single race during a vast lapse of ages prior to historical times would involve enormous difficulties. Others have suggested that Adam may have been brown. The name of Adam, which in Hebrew means "red," might be urged in favour of this, though we know that the epithet "red," as applied to a man, is adopted in Eastern countries in preference to "white," because the latter is used to signify "leprous." The author, however, of "Genesis of the Earth and Man," whose opinion is endorsed by Mr. R. Stuart Poole, of the British Museum, maintains that Adam was the progenitor of the white races only, and that before his creation the black race had been established in Africa, and that in the Mosaic narrative there are intimations of the existence of pre-Adamic races. The conclusion that Adam was white obtains much support from the theory propounded by the late Hugh Miller, the geologist, that the Caucasian race are the type of the first-created human beings. He says that "Adam, the father of mankind, was no savage of doubtful humanity, but a noble specimen of man, and Eve a soft beauty, exquisitely lovely beyond the lot of fallen humanity." And the same idea was evidently in Milton's mind when he described our first parents as

"The loveliest pair
That ever yet in love's embraces met:
Adam, the goodliest man of men still born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve."

182. In Which Country are Most Books Produced?

Germany, the original home of the book trade, still maintains its pre-eminence, holding the foremost position

amongst all nations in the item of book production. In 1886, it printed 16,283 works, and in 1897, 15,972. At the great annual book sale at Leipzig about 5,000 tons' weight of books are disposed of, valued at £1,600,000. In the United Kingdom, 6,591 new books were published in 1888, and 6,067 in 1899; the average during the past twelve years being about 4,000, of which 1,400 were new editions. Our imports of books assume large proportions, having amounted in 1886 to the value of £236,438; but against this the value of books exported was still greater, being in the same year £1,116,737.

183. Do Little Men Require as Much Food as Big?

It may be said generally that there is no reason for asserting that a big man consumes or requires more food than a small one. It is, of course, evident that any person in good health and in a healthy climate, doing a large amount of physical and mental work, requires more sustenance than one who under the same conditions passes a sedentary and inactive existence. The proportion of vital force which goes towards carrying on the work of the body is so much larger than that which is used in merely building up its frame, that there is no comparison between the two. A small steam-engine, working at high pressure and running a lot of machinery all day, may be doing double the work, and therefore consuming twice as much fuel as a big one at half the pressure and working slowly. So it will be seen that the amount of food required should really depend chiefly upon the amount of work done. But habit has so much to do with this matter that it is impossible to formulate any precise rules. One man may eat half as much again as another, simply because he has got into the way of eating largely. There is no doubt that almost all of us eat more than is really needful to keep us in a proper state of health.

184. Who are the Handsomest Race of People in the World?

The beauty of the Circassian women has long been proverbial among those who never saw them, but a traveller, lately returned from the Caucasus, has, in a letter addressed to the STANDARD, sadly upset our preconceived notions. He asserts that the majority of them are, if not ugly, very ordinary specimens of their sex. Here and there a more than usually handsome face may be encountered, and now and then a child with nice eyes and pleasant features may be seen. But at twenty they are long past the day when they would charm the most susceptible of Turks, and even the belles of Loogdidi, from amongst whom the Grand Seigneurs of old picked the Peris of their harems, are pronounced by this traveller to be "no beauties at all." Beauty, however, is very much a matter of opinion. Pallas, an old Russian traveller, affirmed that he had met among these people a greater number of beauties than among any other unpolished nation. Mr. Barkley, while disagreeing with this, acknowledges that the Circassian men are magnificent. In short, he says they are to the rest of mankind what Arab steeds are to humbler horses. A plain Circassian man is seldom to be met with. No people have such beautifully-shaped heads, more perfectly-chiselled features, or sharper, more intelligent, and yet bolder expressions. Their hands and feet an English girl might envy for size and shape. Perhaps, on the whole, the Spanish women are the handsomest. They are beautiful in feature, of good figure, and are famed for their graceful gait and carriage. The Andalusians are pre-eminent for the poetry of their motion, and this is probably the reason why, although facial beauty is, perhaps, commoner in Madrid than in Seville, you cannot pay a greater compliment to a girl in Northern Spain than by asking her if she is an Andalusian.

185. What is the Value of the Growing Timber of this Country?

The value of the growing timber in the forests, woods, coppices, and plantations of this country is computed to be about thirty-five millions sterling. The annual production of timber in the United Kingdom is 140 million cubic feet, while the consumption is 455 million cubic feet, to the value of upwards of twenty millions sterling. Including wood products—such as gum, turpentine, and pitch—the timber brought into this country represents a value of about £32,000,000 a year. The quantity of timber imported into the United Kingdom has increased from 117 million cubic feet in 1790 to 315 million cubic feet at the present time.

According to Dr. Schimper, there is an area in the United Kingdom of waste land amounting to over twenty-six million acres, one-fourth of which would be sufficient to produce all the ordinary timber now imported into the country.

186. In the course of the Year does most Rain fall by Day or by Night?

In the extra-tropical regions, "zones of constant precipitation," it does or may rain during every day of the year, and the rains are probably, on the whole, as common during the night as in the day, whereas in the regions of periodical rains, during many months not a drop of rain falls, and even in the rainy season the nights are perfectly dry. In our own country Mr. Howard found that of 21.94 inches, rain fell in the day to the amount of 8.67 inches, and in the night to 13.27 inches. Dr. Dalton also states that, with us, more rain falls when the sun is under the horizon than when it is above it. In Continental climates, on the other hand, an increased rainfall is noticed from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. By far the most exhaustive inquiry made in reference to this subject is that of Dr. Bergama, who made hourly observations in Batavia for sixteen years. His recorded results show how much per cent. of the total daily amount fell every two hours. They are as follows:—

Midnight to 2 a.m.	8.7	Noon to 2 p.m.	9.5
2 a.m. " 4 "	6.4	2 p.m. " 4 "	12.2
4 " " 6 "	6.1	4 " " 6 "	13.5
6 " " 8 "	5.2	6 " " 8 "	10.5
8 " " 10 "	5.5	8 " " 10 "	7.4
10 " " noon	6.3	10 " " midnight	8.7

187. Does a Plentiful Supply of Holly and other Berries Predict a Severe Winter?

The late Richard Jeffries, in an essay on "Nuttly Autumn," answers the above question decidedly in the negative, thus: "It is a berry year. . . Blackberries are thick, and acorns are large, but not so singularly numerous as the berries of all kinds. . . This provision of hedgerow-fruit no more indicates a severe winter than a damaged wheat harvest indicates a mild one." A moment's reflection will serve to show the correctness of the statement, as it is evident that the plenitude or scarcity of the crop borne by berry-bushes must be determined, to a very great extent, by the condition of the weather in the spring of each year, when the autumnal and winter products are being first formed. At the same time it is true that a summer season of unusual calm and equability of temperature is not unfrequently followed by a "severe" winter; and inasmuch as the former conditions are specially favourable to an abundant fructification, the large production of berries of the hardy class which remain upon the tree far into the succeeding winter, comes into strong prominence with the inclement season, and therefore gives rise to the idea that in some sense they "predict" it. It is a notable fact that, whilst certain berries, especially those of the elder bush, are greedily devoured, often before they have become fully ripe, the "haws," which are usually more abundant than any others, are hardly ever touched until frosty weather sets in.

188. Why do not the Clouds Fall in a Body instead of Falling in Drops?

It was at one time commonly supposed that clouds are formed of a vast number of minute watery vesicles or bladders, which, being extremely small and hollow, remain suspended in the air. But the view is now more generally held that the water is maintained in a very finely divided state, the very small particles being suspended in the moist air like fine dust. Professor Tyndall, in fact, has named these floating particles "water-dust." In the upper and extremely cold regions of the atmosphere it is even supposed that these particles are often frozen, giving rise to peculiar optical characters in certain clouds. When the clouds fall they descend in the form of rain-drops, and not as a huge sheet of water, because the cold current producing further condensation has the effect of making each separate particle already existing a centre of attraction for those being newly formed, thus increasing the weight beyond what can be borne by the proportionate density of the supporting column of air. The individual drops as they fall run together into larger ones, and gather weight still further as they approach the earth by more additions, it being invariably found that larger drops fall at the level of the earth than at an elevation.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from readers who have the knowledge and ability to answer them. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all printed at the rate of two guineas a column, or about fivepence a line. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Wednesday following their publication. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

211. Can fish drown?
212. Is dreaming injurious to the health?
213. What animal eats most in proportion to its size?
214. What acreage of paper is used annually by the newspapers of this country?
215. Which countries have the highest and lowest postal tariffs?

216. Why is it always supposed that the forbidden fruit of which Eve ate was an apple?

217. How does a glacier move?

218. Why is there twilight in some parts of the world and not in others?

219. Are the "poor-rates" all spent in relieving the poor?

220. Why is it customary for clergymen to wear black clothes?

THE MOST CURIOUS DELICACY IN THE WORLD.

THIS is a worm about as thick as a strand of yarn and from five to eight inches long. It is caught once a year near the Samoan Islands, and is eaten by the native Samoans. Very early in the morning of the first day of the last quarter of the November moon, hundreds of small boats, full of Samoans, put out from the shore to the coral reefs.

An occasional shout of "Palolo! Palolo!" is heard as some one scoops in a netful of worms. Suddenly the water begins to crawl. It seems to be boiling with tiny water snakes. The natives throw down their paddles and grasp their nets. Those who have no nets snatch up baskets, sieves, anything that will hold worms and not water, and begin to scoop in the palolos.

They work with tremendous energy, for they realise that the minute the sun rises the palolos will be off again for another year. Buckets, baskets, bowls, and platters are filled with the tiny squirming worms, yet the natives work on with a will which white people have rarely given them the credit for possessing.

The sun rises, and all is over. The palolos are gone, no one knows where, and the Samoans put back to shore with their catch. In sea water the palolos can be kept alive for hours. Without it they die in a few minutes. Roasted palolos are of a dark-brown colour. Boiled palolos and raw palolos are blue, brown, light yellow, or green. Many natives eat them raw; others roast or boil them.

The time of year at which the worms appear near Samoa and are caught is probably their spawning season, as microscopic examination shows most of them to be full of the tiniest eggs. Eggs and worms together taste something like strong sea fish. Fondness of them is usually an acquired taste.

The mystery of the palolo's sudden appearance near Samoa for a few hours annually, and its magical disappearance at sunrise, are unexplained. Why the palolos come to be caught by the dusky Samoans only at the beginning of the last quarter of the November moon, where they come from, where they go to, how they breed, and where they live, all this is something that nobody knows.

A MAN WHO MADE MILLIONS FROM PENNY ROLLS.

EIGHTEEN months ago a remarkable man died in Vienna. This was Auguste Zang, the man who introduced into Paris the rolls which have spread thence throughout the civilised world, and who created in Austria the political newspaper.

He was the son of a military surgeon in the Austrian army, and set out as a young man, with his newly-married wife, for Paris to seek his fortune there. The day after their arrival in Paris, the couple went to a restaurant to breakfast, and were given coffee with a big loaf of bread that was far from being white, and far from having an agreeable taste.

"Haven't you any other bread than this?" called out the young husband to the waiter.

"No, sir; what other kind do you want?" was the answer.

"Haven't you a *semnel*, or *croissant*, or *sbrizel*?" was again asked.

"None of them," responded the waiter, who looked as if the guest were speaking Greek or Chinese; "what are they?"

"Well, my man, you will know what they are in about six months," answered Herr Zang, earnestly.

The more the Austrian traveller thought on the subject, the more he was convinced that the Parisians, with their delicate palates, would not despise the unknown Vienna bread, and that the man to offer them this new accompaniment to their national drink of coffee or chocolate would meet with success and make a fortune.

He lost no time in carrying out his idea. Ex-Lieutenant Zang started back to Vienna, where he engaged a dozen bakers and their assistants, and bought ovens and utensils. A few months later, in July, 1846, the first Paris "Vienna Bakery" was opened in the Rue Richelieu, where it still stands to-day at No. 92, near the Rue St. Marc. Herr Zang had kept his word with the waiter.

As the enterprising Austrian had foreseen, the *petit pain*, the *croissant*, etc., became almost immediately one of the favourite articles of consumption at the Paris breakfast-tables. In fact, so great was their success, that the Corporation of Parisian Bakers had recourse to every means—often even the basest—to destroy the growing popularity of their new and formidable rival.

But these manoeuvres did not check the progress of the enterprise. Money began to roll in, rival establishments sprang up, and it was soon evident that Vienna bread had "come to stay."

Having transplanted a Viennese industry to Paris, Zang next set himself to start a Parisian idea in Vienna. While busily engaged in establishing his bakery in the Rue Richelieu, he was struck with the new departure in journalism due to the genius of M. Emile de Girardin, and determined to do for Vienna what Girardin had done for Paris, namely, to give the public a good political newspaper at a low price. So

he sold out his bakery to one of his French rivals, and with this money in his pocket, started off on an entirely new line.

The baker now turned journalist as easily as the army officer had become baker. As soon as the revolutionary storm of 1848 had blown over, Zang founded his *Presse*, preserving the name of Girardin's famous journal. At that epoch Vienna was governed by a military officer, who was very gruff and stiff, but who, like all human beings, had a weak side. He believed that he was a grand orator and a brilliant writer.

Shrewd Herr Zang never missed an occasion to insert at length in the columns of the *Presse* the speeches of the dreaded General Walden, and to praise the literary merit of his proclamations, which so tickled the old soldier that, notwithstanding the state of siege which then oppressed Vienna, the *Presse* was given the greatest latitude. Editor Zang made the most of this advantage, and the result was that the paper grew in importance and wealth, the list of subscribers and advertisers increasing rapidly from year to year.

Herr Zang always had an eye to business, and he conducted his paper on strictly commercial principles. It was a rule with him that all public men, ministers, ambitious millionaires, and financial concerns, especially the last-named, must pay if they wished a good word from his widely-read newspaper.

He drew up a regular tariff, where the prices were arranged according to the importance of the man, his wealth, or the services that the paper could render him either by praising him or by simply not attacking him. The driving, avaricious ex-baker, was not in the least ashamed of this business. He used even to boast of it. On one occasion he was heard to say, "Why, I should make the Queen of England pay me if I printed her speech from the throne."

But he was destined to receive a hard blow himself, and in the tenderest spot—his purse. Not a trained writer himself, but an excellent business man, Zang had drawn about him a corps of able editors and contributors, who often complained that they were underpaid, and even badly treated, for the proprietor and chief editor of the *Presse* had become a veritable autocrat, and, like the founder of the *NEW YORK HERALD*, did not mince matters when vexed with any of his subordinates.

One fine morning the potentate of the *Presse* nearly had an apoplectic fit when two of his principal editors informed him that they had had enough of it, and meant to establish a rival, backed by the money of several bankers, who were also anxious to throw off the yoke of the *Presse*. This was the origin, in 1864, of the Vienna *NEUE FREIE PRESSE*, now known throughout the world. Its rebellious founders were Etienne and Friedlander, both of whom died prematurely, but not until they had had the satisfaction of knowing that the *NEUE FREIE PRESSE* was a formidable rival of Zang and his journal.

Poor Herr Zang was terribly affected by this "desertion" of his "pupils," as he called Etienne and Friedlander. His despair was even amusing. He filled all Vienna with his lamentations. Zang kept up the fight for three years, when, weary of the struggle, he sold out his journal for about £80,000, and went back to Paris.

Zang was now a millionaire, and might have lived in grand style. But his bread pursued him, and turned to stone. Whenever he passed a cart with "Zang's Vienna Bakery" on it, it was said to give him a cold shudder, until at last, notwithstanding his miserly nature, he paid a round sum to the man who had bought him out to change the name.

He afterwards returned to Vienna and married a young and pretty wife, to whom he left an enormous fortune, greatly increased by lucky speculations and close economy, for his palace in the Johannis Strasse, his chateau in Styria, his fine carriages and servants, were only for external show. At home, in his private life, the founder of the *Presse* at Vienna, and the populariser in Paris of the penny roll, lived the cold and mean existence of a miser.

THE first performance of a new play was a perfect failure. Nevertheless a well-dressed gentleman in the audience persisted in calling for the author. Another person sitting beside the vociferous gentleman said to him,

"In the name of common sense, why do you persist in calling for the author of this wretched play?"

"That's just it. I must see the man who is capable of writing such rubbish. The author! Bring out the author! Hurrah! Bravo!"

YOUNG MAN.—"Sir, I have come to demand the hand of your daughter."

Banker: "Sir? What do you mean, you young—"

Young man: "Her hand, sir, is the price of my silence."

Banker: "My! my! This insolence is unbearable. George! call a policeman!"

Young man: "One moment, sir. You mistake. I know nothing of your affairs, and do not for a moment imagine that you have been guilty of any wrong-doing. The silence I allude to is of another sort. I am the young man who practises on the cornet in the house next door."

Banker: "Oh! take her, my son, and be happy."

A TRAGEDY.

SCENE 1.—A country railway-station. Time, 8 a.m. A young lady is seated on platform awaiting train. Young lady looks anxious, as if momentarily expecting some one. Train steams into station nearly half an hour late. Last glimpse of young lady shows her seated at a carriage window, with handkerchief to her eyes, seemingly in a paroxysm of grief.

Scene 2.—Sleeping apartment of young man. Time, the same. Young man is roused from heavy slumber by the sound of alarm at 8 a.m. Young man yawns prodigiously, rubs his eyes, and mutters, "By Jove, there goes that confounded thing. Eight o'clock, and I promised Mabel faithfully to see her off. By Jove, but I am sleepy." Pulls the sheets more closely about him. "It can't be helped now, however. I'll just concoct a little story, and make it all right." Turns over and sleeps till nine o'clock.

Letter No. 1.—DEAREST MABEL.—I have not the language at my command adequate to express my grief on failing to be in time to see you off. But the fact is, my darling, my work kept me up very late the night before, and when I awoke the next morning, I was horrified to see that I lacked but a few minutes to eight; and, though I dressed with all possible dispatch, literally throwing myself into my clothes, I was enabled to reach the station only in time to catch a glimpse of the rapidly-receding train—the train that carried all that was most dear to me in this world.—Your own HARRY.

Letter No. 2.—HARRY BLANK, Esq. SIR.—The train you speak of did not leave the station till 8.50. Enclosed you will find engagement ring, which I return to you for ever.—MABEL.

PAUL X—, a young gentleman who detests dancing, has contrived a means to exempt himself from invitations. He has succeeded in getting the following paragraph inserted in various society papers:—"M. Paul X—, is a really charming young man. At dances he devotes himself always to the wall-flowers and the plainest girls in the room." Naturally, no lady will now dance with him.

A PEASANT having sold the village doctor a sack of wheat, called upon his debtor for the pay. "Haven't got any money," replied the man of physic.

"Well, then, give me back my wheat."

"Impossible, it is eaten up."

"Then give me a chair, or a table, or something."

"Got none—I'm a regular bankrupt."

"Then give me a dose of castor oil, anyhow!"

The doctor did as he was requested, and the peasant departed satisfied.

"How many toes has a cat?" This was one of the questions asked of a certain class during examination week, and, simple as the question appears to be, none could answer it.

In the emergency, the principal of the school was applied to for a solution, and he also, with a good-natured smile, gave it up, when one of the teachers, determined not to be beaten by a simple question, hit upon the idea of sending out a delegation of boys, to scour the neighbourhood for a cat. When this idea was announced the whole class wanted to join in the hunt. Several boys went out and soon returned successful.

The toes were counted, when to the relief of all it was learned that a cat possesses eighteen toes, ten on the front and eight on the hind feet.

£100 INSURANCE

FOR

FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

During the Winter Months we propose to substitute a Football Insurance for the Cyclist Insurance which was in force during the summer season. This will remain in operation until the first week in April, when the Cyclist Insurance will be resumed. Meantime we undertake to pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the next of kin of any football player who meets with his death by an accident while actually playing football. The only condition is that the player in question must be the possessor at the time of the accident of a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, which must bear his usual signature in ink on the line left blank at the foot of this notice. The copy need not be upon the person at the time of the accident. Notice of accident must be given within three days, and death must have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.

Signed

OUR READER'S LETTER BOX.

A GROWL AGAINST THE POST-OFFICE SAVINGS' BANK.

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—As a depositor in the Post-office Savings' Bank, I was much interested in the statements regarding it which appeared in your last week's article on the cost of carrying on the work of the Post-office. But though the Post-office Savings' Bank is an excellent institution, there is one little matter in which I think its methods might be improved.

I refer to the acknowledgements sent out by the officials of amounts deposited. These come in the form of a circular with open ends, so that anyone into whose hands they fall can make himself acquainted with their contents as easily as possible.

Now I do not say that everybody would be sufficiently dishonourable to look into communications addressed to someone else, but there is no doubt that many people will descend to this act of meanness, and there are all sorts of reasons why one does not always wish to have the state of one's finances known to others.

Why cannot the Post-office Savings' Bank people send out their acknowledgements in envelopes? It is not as though they saved on the postage by sending them in the form of a circular, for their correspondence is carried free.

The matter may seem to many of your readers a small one, but it is very often just these little things that give the most annoyance.—Yours sincerely,

Southampton.

W. R.

THE WORKING DAY IN EUROPE

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—I hope you will consider that the following facts form a sufficiently interesting addition to your recent article, WHO ARE THE HARDEST WORKERS? to induce you to publish them. They are the result of exhaustive inquiry into a subject in which I am particularly interested.

In France the hours of adult labour are regulated by a series of decrees, of which the earliest, promulgated September, 1848, enacts that the workman's day in manufactories and mills shall not exceed twelve hours of "effective" or actual labour. A decree issued in May, 1851, made exceptions, so that more hours might be worked in certain trades. In 1885 a circular was issued stating that the limit of twelve hours per diem was not to be imposed where hand power was employed, but was to be confined to manufactories and mills in which the motive power was machinery.

No workshops were to come under the clauses of the Act that did not employ more than twenty hands in any one shed. The report says: "It is likewise to be borne in mind that there is in France no compulsory observance of Sunday, and no day of habitual rest."

The reports of the French inspectors of labour appear to show that the Act of 1848 is very loosely interpreted. It is even doubtful whether the section limiting the actual working day to twelve hours was intended to include or exclude hours of rest. Practically, the legal time is made to exclude rest. This makes the working day so much the longer.

Thus, one of the French inspectors states that the hours of attendance in factories under the Act of 1848 are from five in the morning until seven in the evening, or a total of fourteen hours, out of which there are twelve hours of "effective labour." But the same authority also states that "effective" time often extends to thirteen and fourteen hours in many weaving establishments. Finally, we are told that, "as a rule," it may be taken that Frenchmen employed in factories are present in the shops at least fourteen hours out of every twenty-four.

Among the countries having no laws affecting the hours of adult labour, Germany is conspicuous. Employers, however, cannot force their servants to work on Sundays and feast days. Employment of youthful or female labour in certain kinds of factories, which is attended with special danger to health or morals, is forbidden, or made conditional on certain regulations, by which night labour for female workpeople is especially forbidden.

In Germany, as in other countries also, women may not be employed in factories for a certain time after childbirth. In Hesse-Darmstadt the medium duration of labour is from ten to twelve hours; the cases in which the latter time is exceeded being, however, more frequent than those in which the labour is not exceeded. The normal workday throughout Saxony in all the principal branches of industry is from 6 a.m. to 7 p.m., with half an hour for breakfast, an hour for dinner, and half an hour for supper. In the manufacturing industry there are departures from these hours, the period of work in spinning and weaving mills not unfrequently being twelve hours.

In Austria the law provides that the duration of work for factory hands shall not exceed eleven hours out of the twenty-four, "exclusive" of the periods of rest. These are not to be less in the aggregate than an hour and a half. The rule can be modified by the

Minister of Commerce, in conjunction with the Minister of the Interior, allowing longer hours.

The hours have been so extended to twelve hours in certain industries, such as spinning mills, and even to thirteen in silk manufactories. Sunday rest is enforced. In Hungary there is no limit laid down by law, but the hours are not generally longer than in Austria.

Concerning the actual hours of adult labour in Belgium, some difficulty is experienced in getting at the facts. The evidence given before a Belgian Royal Commission showed that railway guards are sometimes on duty for fifteen and even nineteen and a half hours at a stretch; and the Brussels tramway drivers are at work from fifteen to seventeen hours daily, with a rest of only an hour and a half at noon. Brickmakers work during the summer months sixteen hours a day. In the sugar refineries the average hours are from twelve to thirteen for men and from nine to ten for women. The cabinet-makers both at Ghent and Brussels assert that they have often to work seventeen hours a day.

In Switzerland the law provides that a normal working day shall not exceed eleven hours, reduced on Saturdays and public holidays to ten. Power is reserved for prolonging the working day in certain circumstances. Except in cases of absolute necessity, Sunday labour is prohibited, and in establishments where uninterrupted labour is required, each working hand must have one free Sunday out of two. Women cannot, under any circumstances, be employed in night or Sunday labour.

Italy has not legislated for adults, but has made a regulation for child labour. Sweden is in the same position. Spain and Portugal have done nothing. The general rule in the latter country, applying to old and young, is to work from sunrise to sunset, an hour and a half being allowed for meals.

In the Netherlands a law was recently promulgated to prevent excessive and dangerous work by grown-up women and young persons. In Turkey the working day lasts from sunrise to sunset with certain intervals for repose and refreshment. In Russia, where there are no laws affecting the hours of adult labour, the normal working day in industrial establishments averages twelve hours.

These facts show that, on the whole, workers in this country are on an infinitely better footing than those of the European continental nations. They also show how it is that foreigners are able to turn out goods so cheaply, for, though the hours of workpeople are so terribly long, their rate of pay is, as a rule, very low.—Yours truly,

Manchester.

SIGISMUND.

SWEARING ON THE STAGE.

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—In quite a short time thousands of parents in all parts of the country will be taking their children to see pantomimes, and I hope you will allow me to say a few words about the harm that must often result from the little ones hearing the very questionable language and allusions that many actors seem to think are necessary to give due emphasis to their comic business.

Swearing on the stage at all is, I think, to be greatly deplored, but its effects are not so likely to be bad in the case of plays witnessed almost exclusively by grown-up people as in pantomimes, where the majority of the audience are children.

The remedy lies with the people. Let them refuse to patronise pantomimes in which there is any language calculated to injure the minds of their children, and the practice will cease soon enough.—Yours truly,

Clapham.

PURE LANGUAGE.

"THE FINEST PROFESSION IN THE WORLD."

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—Your account of the Scotch professors' work and emoluments shows that these favoured mortals enjoy positions which may well excite the envy of their less fortunate brethren. But we must remember that only men of unusual intellectual attainments can hope to obtain a chair at the Universities of Glasgow or Edinburgh.

Now I know of a profession which yields as great, or even greater, monetary prizes, and which can be pursued by anybody who does not mind a little knocking about, and is gifted with plenty of brute strength. I allude to the honourable calling of the prize-fighter, or "boxer," as I believe it is more correct to say nowadays.

The extraordinary popularity of the boxer is a phenomenon which in these days of difficulty has its encouraging economical side. It should tend in some degree to relieve the pressure which is so seriously felt in almost all the other professions, more especially as it seems to be a calling which, after all, makes no very inordinate demands in the way of either natural or acquired qualities on those who desire to practice it.

From many highly lucrative occupations the great majority are, by reason of causes entirely beyond their own control, inexorably excluded.

One cannot become a dwarf or a giant even by the

practice of the utmost energy and perseverance, and, though the rôle of "the fattest man in the world" seems at first sight to be more within the reach of a reasonable ambition, the experience of those who have essayed it has generally shown them that there, too, Nature imposes her irremovable, impassable veto on their designs of self-aggrandisement.

Not everyone can fast for six or seven weeks at a stretch, even with the temptation of £50 a day, which I believe constituted, with the exception of a little water, Signor Succi's only "takings." Still more extravagant would be the aspiration of the "man in the street" to perform at concerts at the rate of £500 a song, or to attract the shillings of an innumerable throng of spectators by making breaks of extraordinary magnitude at the spot-barred game.

It is not given to everyone to "cut records" as a sculler, or a cyclist, or a pedestrian, or, generally speaking, to shine in the performance of feats requiring a combination of exceptional aptitudes with comparatively rare corporeal gifts.

The qualifications, natural and artificial, however, for attaining a certain distinction as a boxer would not appear to be of any very uncommon kind, and slight deficiencies of skill, moreover, can evidently be atoned for, in the view of the general public, by the recommendation of a notoriety which can be acquired apparently without any signal pre-eminence in the fistic art. A willingness to pummel and be pummelled, and a certain dexterity in inducing patrons to subscribe purses of £500 or £1,000 for the privilege of witnessing the pummelling, appear to be the chief qualifications required by a young man who hopes to succeed as a boxer.

Perplexed fathers with large families are likely to find at least one son who possesses them, and might do worse than consider the new opening that is here offered.—Yours truly,

Ealing.

PELHAM.

"THE USES OF OLD SARDINE TINS."

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of November 29th, you publish as a FACT a paragraph regarding the manufacture in Paris of tin soldiers, etc., from old sardine tins.

As my business has brought me into contact with the founder of this peculiar industry, I think that I can contribute a little information regarding it that will interest your readers.

At the end of the siege of Paris by the Prussians, the keeper of a Parisian wine-shop, named Drog, found himself completely ruined. He did not know where to turn for bread for his family. In a yard at the back of his shop there was a large accumulation of old sardine tins. Sardines were a weakness of his, and, in better days, a box of them was opened at his table almost every day.

At the same time that he came across this pile of old tins, he happened to learn that the solder with which they were hermetically sealed was a valuable commodity, and it occurred to him that it might be possible to recover it from the broken tins and sell it at a good profit.

Being a man of some ingenuity, he improvised a small furnace, and immediately began making experiments in this direction. They turned out satisfactorily, and the price that the solder thus obtained realised, enabled him to keep going. He at once saw that there was a profitable business to be made out of this, and contracted with the master chiffonniers (for whom the often-described rag-pickers work) to supply him with immense quantities of old sardine tins.

He soon found himself at the head of quite a big business, and it occurred to him that the waste metal which he was throwing away after the solder had been extracted from it might also be turned to profitable account. The result of this was the establishment of several factories where tin soldiers and other toys were made from the discarded scraps. One large maker of these little articles sells every year more than a million metal toys.

The metal is subjected to powerful heat, rolled, and stamped into the required shape, and the toys are afterwards coloured. In the same establishment thousands of little Venetian lamps, built up upon pieces of old sardine tin metal, are turned out every year.

The curiously shaped little metal ornaments which makers of aesthetic furniture are fond of dotting about their wares, have the same lowly origin, and the clippings and fragments which remain after these various articles have been manufactured are transformed into sulphate of iron, which is a valuable disinfectant. So it will be seen that, in Paris at all events, old sardine boxes are used up to the last scrap.—Yours truly,

Glasgow.

M. P. L.

For all letters published we pay at the rate of two guineas a column or about 5d. a line. Senders of letters should, therefore, enclose name and address. It must please be understood that we do not identify ourselves with opinions advanced on this page. They are those of the writers of the letters; we merely examine and publish them on the general nature of the correspondence.

WHAT IT COSTS.—NO. VIII. TO GOVERN LONDON.

THE YEARLY OUTLAY OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE "big village," in which one-eighth of the population of these islands lives, must need a good deal of looking after, and one is not surprised to learn that the body which now occupies the position filled by the late Metropolitan Board of Works, spends as nearly as possible Two Millions sterling a year.

A very large slice of this total—more than eight hundred thousand pounds in fact—goes to pay dividends on money that has been raised from time to time, as expenditure upon important works made it necessary, or is devoted to the redemption of the capital of this debt.

The management of this part of the L.C.C. business is undertaken by the Bank of England at a fixed payment of £400 for every million of stock, and for its services in this respect the Bank draws between eleven and twelve thousand a year. Pensions to members of the Metropolitan Board of Works and ex-members of the Fire Brigade absorb about £15,000 a year.

A big item is the amount granted to guardians of the London Poor Law Unions. It is based upon a payment of fourpence a day per head for every indoor pauper, and this computation results in the handing over of about £330,000 a year. The Unions of St. Pancras, Holborn, and St. Saviour's each draw more than twenty thousand a year, and the amounts paid to others gradually diminish to a tenth of this sum.

In the last estimates the sum of £500 is set aside to cover the election expenses of Councillors. The first year of its existence, the L.C.C. spent some thirteen thousand pounds in this way, and a like amount will be required when the elections come round every third year.

The various bridges that cross the Thames within the district of the L.C.C. cost between thirteen and fourteen thousand a year to keep in proper repair. The amount spent upon each of them varies very much. There may be only two or three hundred pounds to pay for lighting and cleaning, or, on the other hand, expensive repairs, such as re-paving and re-painting, may involve the expenditure of as many thousands.

When a bridge is re-paved the work is done in the most complete and careful manner, with a view to lasting as long as possible. The hindrance to the traffic is so serious that it would never do if such operations were at all frequent. The bridges are under the special care of an inspector, whose duty it is to see that they are kept in proper order.

Woolwich Ferry costs as much to keep up as all the bridges together. Between fifty and sixty men are needed to work the pontoons and boats, and their wages alone absorb nearly half the total sum expended here. Some hundreds a year are spent in seeing that floods do not occur in certain parts of the river. The owners of the banks have to maintain them in proper order to prevent this, and the services of an inspector are required to keep the owners up to their obligations in this respect.

Compensation to the owners of cattle which are slaughtered because they are diseased calls for about four thousand a year, and nearly three thousand is paid in salaries of inspectors, who make it their business to attend to this question. The sale of the carcasses, however, yields a thousand or so, as many of the beasts killed are merely under suspicion, owing to the fact that they have been herded with others which were affected.

The £135,000 which is needed to keep up the Fire Brigade strikes one as being little enough, considering the incalculable value of the property which its members are expected to guard. The five hundred thousand houses within the L.C.C. district and their contents are protected from the horrors of fire by but 826 men, whose salaries in the aggregate amount to only £65,000 a year. The clothing of the Brigade costs four thousand a year, and £24,000 a year is spent upon the maintenance of stations, their rent, with rates and taxes, etc., and stores.

Some other of the principal items in the expenditure on the Fire Brigade are the ten thousand a year which goes for horse-hire; a similar sum for telephone and telegraph lines and apparatus; £2,500, which is spent for coal, coke, and oil; and eight thousand, which maintenance of and repairs to engines and fire-escapes costs.

Forty thousand pounds towards the expenses of the Fire Brigade is contributed in various special ways. The Government, for instance, allows it ten thousand a year, and the London insurance companies have to subscribe towards its maintenance £35 for every million pounds' worth of business they do during the year. This levy realises some £27,000 a year, the principal contributors being the Sun and Phoenix offices, which each pay over £2,500. Six other companies pay more than a thousand a year into this fund. An income of £1,500 a year is secured by the services of watchmen, who look after various premises, and several hundreds more result from the fines which are levied upon people who allow their chimneys to catch fire.

Nearly seven thousand a year is spent in keeping

the Thames Embankment in proper repair and in cleaning it. Lighting this thoroughfare costs twelve pounds a week in addition.

The drainage system of London has deservedly been awarded high praise for its completeness and excellence; and, considering that two hundred thousand pounds a year is spent in keeping it in proper order, Londoners have every right to expect that it should be as near perfection as possible. The maintenance of sewers costs a thousand pounds a week. Half as much again is spent in keeping the pumping stations going, and the deodorisation and removal of sewerage is not accomplished at a less expenditure than eighty thousand a year.

In these three different departments of work in connection with the drainage system nearly two hundred pounds a day is paid in wages, chemicals have to be purchased to the tune of forty thousand a year, and the same amount is spent in other stores of one kind and another—principally coal and coke used at the pumping stations. The sludge vessels, which carry sewerage out to sea, are maintained at an annual cost of ten thousand pounds. Altogether the staff of men engaged in attending to the drainage of London numbers more than six hundred.

The prices of various chemicals affect the amount spent upon dealing with London sewerage very materially. For instance, the last estimates show that manganate of soda had risen £3 10s. a ton, which meant that £8,500 more had to be spent upon this material than was the case in the previous year.

Those responsible for the drainage of the metropolis have no light task, for they are called upon to deal with hundreds of millions of gallons daily. At the Northern outfall alone twenty-five tons of lime are used every day, though only four grains are required for every gallon of sewerage. Of manganate of soda, which costs £8 10s. per ton, 2,400 tons are required in the course of a twelvemonth.

The quantities used of this particular material, as well as of sulphuric acid (the average consumption of which is some seventeen hundred tons a year) depend very greatly upon the weather. If there is a long spell of hot weather, with little or no rain, the quantities have to be enormously increased, and any breakdown in the sludge vessels also leads to a far more liberal use of them than there would be in the ordinary course of events.

About thirteen hundred pounds a week is spent in keeping London's parks, commons, and open spaces in proper order. Victoria Park is the one which costs most, no less than ten thousand a year being spent upon it. Battersea Park asks for but a thousand a year less to keep it spick and span. These two are more than twice as expensive as any other park, a fact easily accounted for by their great size. No fewer than seventy-eight people find regular employment in Victoria Park, and Battersea Park requires the services of a staff of seventy-one.

Under the general heading of sanitary work some forty thousand a year is expended by the L.C.C. The testing of gas and gas meters accounts for £6,000 of this amount; the inspection of weights and measures for £9,000 more. But the greater part of this total goes to pay the salaries and disbursements of coroners, who, between them, cost more than twenty thousand a year.

These are the principal items in the expenditure of the London County Council. Of smaller items there are many, but we do not think that a recapitulation of them would be likely to interest our readers.

UNDER the above general heading the following articles have already appeared:—

- No. 1.—TO RUN A LINE OF STEAMSHIPS: *Some Interesting Facts about the P. and O. Fleet.*
- No. 2.—TO RUN A THEATRE: *Some Facts about the Most Risky of Businesses.*
- No. 3.—TO WORK A RAILWAY: *The Expenditure of "The Greatest Corporation on Earth" (the L. & N.W.R.)*
- No. 4.—TO KEEP A BIG HOTEL GOING: *Some Facts about the Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, London.*
- No. 5.—TO CARRY LONDONERS BY BUS AND TRAM: (1) *The London General Omnibus Company.* (2) *The North Metropolitan Tramways Company.*
- No. 6.—TO BRING OUT A NEWSPAPER: (1) *The Daily Chronicle.* (2) *The Illustrated London News.* (3) *Lloyd's News.* (4) *A Representative Country Daily.*
- No. 7.—TO CARRY OUR LETTERS: *The Money spent by the G.P.O.*

PROPRIETOR to Editor: "Well, the first number of our new paper looks well, but here is one thing I don't like."

"What?"

"Why, this communication signed 'An Old Subscriber.'"

A GENTLEMAN who was a great temperance advocate, was climbing an Irish hill once, when he sprained his ankle. The guide who was with him immediately produced a bottle of whisky, and rubbed a portion of the whisky on the injured part. After a while the guide turned and said to him, "Well, sir, are you better now?" to which the injured man replied that he was. The guide, laughing, said, "Sure, sir, it would be a long time before lemonade would have done that for you."

GIBSON: "How do you like these cigars of mine, eh?"
Webb: "Too much like your plays, my boy."
Gibson: "Whatever do you mean by that?"
Webb: "They don't draw very well."

TOMSON: "Did you finally succeed in bringing Fin-galls round to your way of thinking in your argument last night?"

JACKSON: "Yes, but I expect almost any moment to be arrested for assault and battery!"

"ON the top and surface," said a street preacher, "things are often clean and right, but it is when we look below and explore the depths that we appreciate the meanness and deceptions of our fellow-creatures." He had been buying a barrel of apples evidently.

FRED: "What! Fight a duel on account of a woman? No, sir. If I caught a man flirting with my wife I'd invite him to come for a day's shooting—just as I've invited you—and then, if an accident were to occur—"

John: "Gracious! I hope you don't suspect me."

DE MASH (buying a cane): "I sa—ay, mah good nian, this cane won't do. The handle is too big for mah mouth."

Dealer: "It's the exact size used by the Prince of Wales, sir."

De Mash: "Aw. Wait a bit. I'll go to a surgeon's, and see if I can have mah mouth stretched."

AFTER the battle at Custozza, a soldier, supposed to have been killed, was entered on the books of his company, "Died on the 24th June, 1866," etc. A few days afterwards it turned out that he was still alive, and the honest quartermaster made the following entry: "Died by mistake." At length there came a letter from the Minister of War announcing the death of the man at the hospital, when our sergeant recorded the fact as follows: "Re-died by order of the ministry."

LADY BELLE: "I should think that he would propose soon?"

Miss Grahame: "Oh, no; it's all over. He never really meant anything."

Lady Belle: "Why? Have you quarrelled?"

Miss Grahame: "No; but yesterday he gave me a box—such a lot—of stationery."

Lady Belle: "But presents are always promising."

Miss Grahame: "But my initials are on it; and such a lot. Oh, no! It's all over between us!"

VISITOR: "I would like to get you to teach me to sail a boat."

Boatman: "Sail a boat? Why, it's as easy as swimming. Just grasp the main sheet with one hand an' the tiller with the other, an' if a flaw strikes, ease up and bring'er to, an' loose the halyards; look out for the gaff an' boom, or the hull thing'll be in the water, an' y'e'll be upset; but if the wind is steady y'r all right, unless y'r too slow in luffin' to; 'cause then you'll upset sure. Jump right in, an' try it; but, remember, whatever ye do, don't jibe."

A GENTLEMAN was walking down the street the other day with his friend Jackson when they met a clergyman. The reverend gentleman, though possessed of a large brain, has but a diminutive body to support it. Quite recently he had united himself, for good or ill, to a buxom widow. The minister blushed a little as they passed.

"What is the meaning of that, Jackson?" asked his companion.

"Well, you see," was the reply, "we had a tea-fight at the minister's shortly after he was married. I was called upon to make a speech. You know you are expected to be humorous on such occasions, so I referred, in a casual way, to the minister as the widow's mite. He has behaved strangely whenever he has seen me since."

THAT this is a free country we have occasion to realise constantly. Many people consider themselves free to annoy their neighbours and vex their comfort. One keeps a dog that howls all night, so that people residing in the neighbourhood are unable to sleep. Hint to him that he ought to shoot the dog or remove it to some remote country seat, and he will probably offer to fight you. A young woman with a piano thinks she has a right to pound on it until long past midnight, even though there be a sick neighbour next door. What right has a man with brass lungs and a cast-iron throat to parade slowly up and down a street lined with dwellings, proclaiming at the top of his voice that he is buying cast-off hats and old rags, and paying the highest market price for these commodities? Yet these evils are suffered daily in our large towns because this is a free country. You may have no ear for music, and absolutely detest a hand-organ, yet the organ-grinder is free to plant himself in front of your parlour window and turn his villainous crank until you are ready to bury yourself in the cellar. What a blessing it is to live in a free country!

A COUNTRY OF SMOKERS.

ALL of Cuba smokes like a fire of damp wood. The only places in which the smoking is not constant are the church and the beds. The nice women are said not to smoke, and probably all do not, but you see women in the very nicest houses smoking, sometimes openly and sometimes furtively.

Outside the best quarters of the towns everybody smokes. The old women are to be seen with their lips strained round huge black cigars, and young ones whiff cigarettes with a grace that fills an English smoker with envy.

"You English smoke too much when you come here," said Don Figuerado to me. "You seem to be always lighting a fresh cigar."

"Man alive!" said I, "did you ever see an Englishman smoke as you do?"

"Oh, I smoke but little," said he; "only four or five good cigars a day. One after my breakfast, one after my luncheon, and two or three in the evening."

"And cigarettes?"

"Oh, very few. Say two packs a day." There are nineteen cigarettes in a pack. They are made of black tobacco cut bigger than what we use in our pipes. There is more strength in two of these cigarettes than in the average domestic cigar smoked in England.

But the extent to which smoking is indulged in there is beyond belief. The boys in the streets have to remove their cigarettes to ask you to buy their sugar cakes, green cocoanuts, or lottery tickets, or to let them black your shoes or carry your bundles. The women, sitting dozing over their little stalls, have great black cigars between their teeth.

The guards of the railway trains exchange cigarettes with the passengers, the priests smoke like philosophers, the negro labourers emit fumes like furnaces over their work, and the gentlemen smoke as they wait in the restaurant for the execution of their orders, and again after eating and before they quit the tables.

REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

SINCE the days that Belisarius, the Roman general, begged for alms at the gates of the city which he had saved, there have been instances in plenty when a turn of the wheel of fortune has placed in wretchedness and poverty those whom, at one time, the fickle jade seemed unable to pamper enough. Kings and queens who have sat on the thrones of mighty countries, and received the adulations of bowing courtiers, have been reduced to begging their bread; and direct representatives of noble houses have drained the cup of squalor and misery to the very dregs.

Mary of Medici, the widow of Henry the Great, mother of Louis the Thirteenth, and mother-in-law of three powerful sovereigns, died at Cologne in the most necessitous circumstances, after struggling for years to obtain the barest requirements of life.

After the siege of Pavia, Adelaide, widow of the Italian king Lothario, was reduced to the most painful straits. The Archbishop of Reggio offered her a home, and to reach it she had to undertake a long journey with no companion but one of her former servants, who begged along the roadside for bread with which to keep the life in himself and his royal mistress; while the latter was forced to avoid all villages and centres of population, and often to spend the day crouched in a ditch, or hidden in the recesses of some wood.

At the end of the sixteenth century there died in Paris, Antonio, who had once occupied the throne of Portugal, and who was for years previous to his death in a state of the most abject misery. The solitary faithful retainer, who so often lends a touch of additional pathos to cases of this kind, shared all his hardships, and finally died with him.

After the army of the Commonwealth had worsted Charles the First of England, and he had paid for his indiscretions with his head, his wife Henrietta, who was a daughter of King Henry the Fourth of France, had, with her son, a small pension assigned to her. The payments, however, were so irregular, and the position of the royal fugitives so humble, that one morning when Cardinal de Retz waited upon them, he was informed by the lady who had a short time before sat upon the throne of England, that her daughter Henrietta was in bed, as they were unable to afford a fire, and she had no other means of keeping warm.

Pennant relates a melancholy case of fallen majesty in the person of Marie d'Este, consort of the ill-fated monarch James the Second. Flying with her infant son, whose birth had given rise to such a cloud of false reports, from the rain which hung over her house, she crossed the Thames, and sheltered for more than an hour beneath the walls of Lambeth Church, while the rain beat down in a ceaseless stream. A common cart brought from the nearest inn took her to Gravesend, where she embarked and bid adieu to this country.

In the churchyard of St. Ann's, Soho, is a marble erected near the grave of Theodore Antony Newboff, King of Corsica, who died in that part of London immediately after his release from the King's Bench Prison in 1786. It has been written of him that "he was a man whose claim to royalty was as indisputable

as the most ancient titles to any monarchy can pretend to be—that is, the choice of his subjects, the voluntary election of a people who had the common right of mankind to freedom, and the uncommon resolution of determining to be free." And yet the state of destitution to which this monarch was reduced justified Horace Walpole in writing his epitaph in these words:—

"The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley slaves and kings,
But Theodore this moral learn'd ere dead—
Fate poured its lesson on his living head,
Bestowed a kingdom and denied him bread."

Henri Quatre of France escaped from the dungeon to which his son had consigned him. A vagrant, poor, and utterly without means, he begged the Bishop of Spire to grant him a lay prebend in his church; but this modest request was refused, and he died miserably and in rage.

Another King of France, Charles the Seventh, was once, after his defeat, refused a pair of boots, because he was in such a state of destitution that he could not put down the money to pay for them.

Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, was degraded from his offices, and reached to such a depth of poverty that he was unable to obtain an audience of Charles the Fifth. When the King asked to be told the name of the fellow who was making such a disturbance, and seemed so anxious to speak to him, Cortez cried out, "I am he who gained for your Majesty more provinces than your father left you towns."

In 1885 there died of cold and starvation, under a hedge close to a magnificent chateau at Anderly, in Normandy, the Marquis de Saint Paer. His extravagant habits compelled him to part with the whole of his vast domains, and to depend for food upon the charity of those who had once been his retainers. His affection for the scene of his former splendour was such that he could not leave it, and he lived for twenty years in a dilapidated little cottage on the borders of the estates that had once been his own. As a new generation, who had not known him in the days of his grandeur, sprang up, he was more and more neglected, until he perished miserably almost under the shadows of the walls that had witnessed the gay revels and merry feasts with which he had enlivened them.

Guy de Ruthyn, Earl of Kent, was a peer who never consorted with those of his own station in life, but frequented the low taverns round the theatres, where he used to enjoy himself in the company of William Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and other choice spirits. Gambling was the direct means of his fall, and he shook the dice-box, with so free a hand that at last the fine clothes on his back and the handle to his name were all that remained to remind him of the wealth and lands which had once belonged to him.

He dragged out a hand-to-mouth existence for some time, living on the charity of the companions who had eaten so many meals at his expense; but as he grew shabbier and more disreputable, the men who had once been only too glad to associate with him began to turn the cold shoulder, and at last he was found dead on the wooden bench of a low public-house, in a still lower neighbourhood. The potman went at closing-time to turn out the ragged fellow who had crept to the warmth of the fire, and found that his hand rested upon the shoulder of a corpse. The Earl of Kent had passed away among the very dregs of the Bohemian class with whom he had chosen to associate.

A former gravedigger and sexton of the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, was a lineal descendant of Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, the son of Edward the Third. Whether any descendant of this digger of graves, in whose veins run the blood of one of the mightiest monarchs who ever lived, survive to this very moment we cannot say. If this is the case, they have more right to bear the royal arms of England than the representatives of the House of Hanover, who now occupy the places once filled by their ancestors.

Not so very long ago there was living at Halesowen a butcher named Joseph Smart, and at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley, a turnpike-keeper named George Wilmot, who were direct heirs of Edmund of Woodstock, the youngest son of the first Edward who reigned over this kingdom.

Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter, was brother-in-law to Edward the Fourth, but this fact did not prevent his being attainted in 1461, and deprived of all his possessions. With great difficulty he managed to escape to Flanders, and there he wandered about from one town to another, barefooted, in rags, and dependant for his very bread upon the charity of strangers.

Charles Neville, the last Earl of Westmoreland, was another English noble who dragged out a wretched existence in the Low Countries, after having been deprived of all his honours and riches, and compelled to fly the British Isles to save his head. The sad fate of Mary Queen of Scots touched his compassion, and he was detected in a plot to set her at liberty.

The Lords of Stowal afford another example of a fall from a high position; in their case a deeply-rooted love of gambling was the cause which led to the loss of their splendid property in Somersetshire and Berkshire, and the disappearance of their name from the page.

A WOMAN'S WILL.

A THEATRICAL man tells the following story. It is hardly fair to mention the names. Suffice it to say that one was an actor and the other an actress, and both very well known to the public. So call the actor Y—, because that is about as far as one can get from his name, and the actress Miss A—, because her name is nothing like that either.

Miss A—, besides being perhaps the most prominent character in the play, was also the lessee, and it was she who regulated Mr. Y—'s salary.

Now Y— had long contended that his salary was not one-half what it should be, and Miss A— declared as firmly that this was neither here nor there, for the salary would remain unchanged. This condition of affairs did not make the two love each other as good Christians are expected to do. Such scenes as these (behind the scenes, of course) became frequent:—

"When are you going to raise my salary?"

"Never."

"All right, then. I leave you to-morrow."

"Very well; why don't you?"

Or the war might be varied in this form:—

"Are you going to raise my salary this week?"

"No."

"Next week?"

"No."

"When?"

"Never."

That determined "Never" was a disagreeable check to argument. Finally Y— worked out a sub-plot in the play. In one act he, the noble hero, carried Miss A— from the top storey to the ground down a ladder. One night when this scene came on he stepped upon the first round of the ladder, as usual holding in his arms his fair burden. But instead of coming down quickly as usual, as a vigorous, invincible hero should, he stopped.

"Now," he whispered in her ear, "raise my salary."

"Never."

"Raise my salary, or I drop you."

Here was a crisis. Two things were in danger—the success of the scene and the actress's bones.

"Raise my salary, or I drop you." The "house" was waiting. Miss A— closed her eyes.

"Never," she said; and he carried her safely down the ladder.

PUZZLES IN HORSEFLESH.

POOR old Laceman, who was bought in for £55, after winning a paltry selling-plate at Nottingham, was a very short time before considered dirt cheap at £1,000.

But even his "come-down" is insignificant when compared with that of Kangaroo, who cost the Marquis of Hastings £11,000, and never afterwards won anything, except one fifty pounds' hurdle race.

Hampton, on the other hand, was bought out of a selling race at Croydon for £50, and two years later, after many brilliant successes, was sold for £11,000.

The late Earl of Aylesford gave 1,500 guineas for a yearling, which, three years afterwards, fell into the hands of a Birmingham cabman for £10. After a few months of "hansom" experience, he was entered in a hurdle race at Four Oaks Park, under the name of Panorama. He won the race, and was claimed by the Hon. George Lambton for £100.

"WALK up," shouted a showman, "and inspect this curious phenomenon—a real live woman-fish, the only one in existence!"

The place was crammed. The curtain rose, and a young woman, dressed all in black, appeared on the stage and said,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am the woman-fish. There's my marriage certificate. My husband's name was Fish. He was killed last summer through a fall off a scaffolding, and as he has left me with four children unprovided for, I will take the liberty to go round and make a collection on their behalf."

MR. F. H. H. GUILLEMEARD, in "The Cruise of the Marchesa," tells the following story:—"Its truth," he adds, "was vouched for by some of our Dutch friends. During a cruise of a certain gunboat on the northern coast of New Guinea, a village was touched at which, up to that time, had never been visited by Europeans. The captain, anxious to impress the untutored savage, arrayed himself in full uniform, and landed in company with the surgeon, who was similarly attired. The natives crowded down to meet them in hundreds, and appeared tolerably trustworthy, but before long intimated that they were to pay a visit to the chief's house. This the captain resisted, fearing treachery; but, in spite of his endeavours, they were carried off, and his guard prevented from following. The hours passed away without a sign of the officers, and the boat's crew waiting for them began to fear the worst. Suddenly a crowd was seen approaching. It parted, and disclosed the gallant captain to his astonished sailors, bereft of his uniform, and dressed in alternate stripes of red and white paint."

FACTS.

KRUPP guns cost £170 per ton.
NEARLY one million people still speak Welsh.
THE cost of St. Peter's, Rome, was over £14,000,000.
LAND in the busy parts of Melbourne is selling at £900 a foot.
BENGAL, it is said, has 48,644 widows under ten years of age.
ONE-THIRD of the land surface of the earth is covered with forests.
WHEN reading a man usually gets through four hundred words a minute.
HEATON'S Mint, in Birmingham, can coin over 50 tons of bronze coinage a week.
THE force of waves breaking on the shore is equal to seventeen tons to the square yard.
THE value of the average annual productions of the earth has been estimated at £2,241,142,100.
THE world's medical periodicals number about 266, of which no fewer than 174 are published in the United States.

UPWARDS of 300,000 copies of the latest photos of Dr. Koch were sold in one day in Berlin the week before last.

THE smallest man who ever lived was the dwarf Bébé, born in France in 1740. He was just twenty inches tall, and eight pounds in weight when full grown.

EXPERTS say that the buried city of Pompeii has not yet yielded up a third of its artistic treasure; that at the present rate of progress seventy years will elapse before it is thoroughly unearthed.

RUDYARD KIPLING wears a scarlet fez and eye-glasses in his sanctum; he smokes a pipe, and his room contains a rifle, a whisky decanter, a syphon of soda water, and other like accompaniments of British manhood.

THE latest idea of the New York belle is to wear a boa made of real chrysanthemums. The long stalks are bound together after the fashion known to children in making daisy-chains. The flowers last fresh the whole afternoon or evening. The boa is about eight feet long, and the colour of the chrysanthemums is assorted to the costume. The price is high, but that is of no consequence to the ladies of New York.

THE Mexicans are an exceedingly polite people. Should one lady express her admiration for another's baby, the mother replies, "It is entirely at your disposal." When two ladies meet, they lift the right hand, gently tap each other on the left shoulder, and then shake hands very heartily. If they are intimate friends, after going through the foregoing ceremony, they also kiss, not with the lips, but by laying the cheeks softly together.

THOSE interested in religious questions will do well to buy **THE RELIGIOUS REVIEW OF REVIEWS**, a new sixpenny monthly. It contains the pith of the principal articles on religious subjects in the magazines and newspapers of the month, is very carefully and ably edited, and is embellished with portraits of notabilities in the religious world. The first number, which is published this month, contains some interesting expressions of opinion from leading men of all denominations, with their autograph signatures attached.

CURIOUS DOMESTIC VESSELS.—The peasants of Russia have devised a very curious kind of manufacture, scarcely known at all in other countries, viz., the production of domestic and other vessels from hair. The hair employed is that of the rabbit, hare, and a few other animals; it is finely felted, formed into bowls, jars, plates, etc., and afterwards varnished. These utensils have the appearance of *papier-mâché*, or of varnished leather, and, besides being remarkably light, are described as possessing the properties of strength and great durability.

THE EXPORT OF CHRISTMAS FARE.—Diligent inquiry fails to reveal that such a thing as a turkey or a goose was ever sent to the Continent. The officials of the South-Eastern Railway, who do a large amount of continental traffic, affirm that this is a rule which has no exception. On the other hand, the Christmas pudding has almost a monopoly of the Continental Christmas traffic. It goes in all sizes and shapes to the four points of the compass, but mostly to France, Germany, and Italy among the Continental countries, and to India and the Antipodes.

THE QUEEN'S DAUGHTERS AS COOKS.—It is not generally known that our Queen's daughters, in addition to being excellent needlewomen, are also good cooks. When they were children they had a little kitchen of their own at Osborne, where they concocted all kinds of dishes, sweets being naturally the favourites. Here they converted into jam fruit out of their own gardens, and turned out many a savoury dish for the delectation of their brothers, all of whom had as excellent appetites as generally appertains to boys. At least one of the Princesses still continues to cook an occasional little *plat*, and has been heard to say that she would have made an excellent *chef*.

OVER 70,000 people in London live by crime.
THERE are nearly four hundred blacksmiths in England.
THE annual consumption of oysters in Britain is 1,600,000,000.

RUSSIA has about 1,000,000 titled personages out of a population of 100,000,000.

ONLY about one out of every 1,000 married couples live to celebrate their golden wedding.

THE annual rainfall in the West of England is normally forty-seven inches; in the East twenty-seven inches.

A RECENT survey established the number of glaciers in the Alps at 1,155, of which 249 have a length of more than 4½ miles; the French Alps contain 144 glaciers, those of Italy 78, Switzerland 471, and Austria 462.

WHEN Haydn received from the University of Oxford a doctor's degree, which, since 1400, had been conferred on four persons only, he sent in acknowledgment a piece of music, exhibiting a perfect melody and accompaniment, whether read from the top, the bottom, or the sides.

TIPPOO SAHIB, the renowned Indian insurgent, in order to gratify his hatred of the English, had at his dinner table a life-size representation of a tiger attacking and eating an English officer. The cries of the unfortunate victim and the roaring of the tiger were produced by hidden machinery.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE will not be photographed. He looks upon the photographer as his greatest enemy. The public at large have only seen one photo of him; that is one where he has his hat on, and it was taken by the instantaneous process, when his lordship was unconscious of the operation.

THE Freihaus, in a suburb of Vienna, is the most spacious building on the globe. Within its walls a whole city of human beings live and work, eat and sleep. It contains in all between 1,200 and 1,500 rooms, divided into upwards of 400 dwelling apartments, of from four to six rooms each. This immense house has thirteen courtyards, five open and eight covered, and a large garden within its walls.

A QUAIN CUSTOM.—Here is an ancient Christmas ceremony, still observed in some parts of France. On a festive board is placed an earthen pitcher, surrounded with bands of hemp, which have been kept moistened for some days. Upon these have been sown corn and flax, which quickly sprout, so as to cover the pitcher with young verdure without hiding its form. This artificial and symbolic vegetation recalls the cry raised by the ancient Gauls at the season of Noel, "Egin Ann Eit," meaning, "The corn springs up." This was accepted as a promise that the seed committed to the ground will likewise come up and yield an abundant harvest. All the family feels exhilarated at this assurance of bread for the future year, and joyfully gathers round the well-laden table, the feast concluding with the giving and receiving of presents.

A BANK ON WHEELS.—Rather an uncommon banking arrangement is carried on in the Manawatu district of New Zealand. It may be described as a kind of portable teller's office. On certain days of the week a clerk from one of the Palmerston banks travels up and down the railway line from Palmerston to Otaki, transacting the ordinary business of the bank *en route*. Laden with a satchel containing his supply of cash, and provided with a teller's usual precautions against danger of robbery, he makes the carriage his headquarters, and there receives visits from customers at the way stations, changing cheques or taking deposits, as occasion may require. This plan is said to bring a good share of grist to the bank's mill, and proves a great convenience to settlers, who are saved all the trouble of journeying to town to relieve themselves of surplus money or to procure change. It will be all very well, probably, till some enterprising gentleman from Frisco or Melbourne happens upon the Palmerston-Otaki line, and does a little personating, then the simple old system will probably be reverted to.

GIPSY ORNAMENTS.—Like their more favoured and better-civilised sisters gipsy women are represented by the best authorities to be passionately fond of jewellery, notwithstanding the fact that their extreme poverty renders it impossible for many of them to gratify this taste. Trinkets of greater or less value, according to circumstances, are worn by them, the number being limited only by the means of the wearer. If the gitana is unable to have her ornaments of gold, silver will do, and if silver trinkets are beyond her means, brass will suffice. As brilliancy of colour is the first consideration in a gipsy's attire, size is the chief merit of her jewels. Among the wealthier gipsies, if there be such a thing as wealth connected with the race, the Moorish, Egyptian, and Oriental designs find most favour. The poor content themselves with strings of coins or cheap medals, without regard to the event, or personage they are intended to commemorate, and even with rudely designed ornaments of brass made by the male artisans of their tribes. Large ear-rings are preferred to any other articles, and the comparatively opulent gitana indulges in bangles, beads, and necklaces.

THERE are seven millionaire editors in New York.
OVER 10,000 Irish people settle in England every year.
THERE are four Irishmen to every Englishman in the United States.

THE Bank of England issues notes for £5, £10, £20, £50, £100, £200, £300, £500, and £1,000.

A FRENCH scientist declares that the domestic cats of the world carry at least thirty per cent. of the common contagious diseases from house to house.

IT is estimated that in Paris one in eighteen of the population, or 150,000, live on charity, with a tendency towards crime; in London this class is one in thirty.

STANDARD time has been fully accepted in Asia by not less than 40,000,000 people, in Europe by almost an equal number, and in America by more than 60,000,000.

A NEW material, called rubber velvet, is made by sprinkling powdered felt of any colour over cloth whilst the latter is hot and soft; the result looks like felt cloth, but is elastic, waterproof, and exceedingly light.

VAST quantities of flowers are gathered for perfumery purposes. Each year it is estimated that 1860 tons of orange flowers are used, besides 930 tons of roses, 150 tons each of violets and jasmynes, 75 tons of tuberose, 30 tons of cassia, and 15 tons of jonquils.

JOHN HABBERTON, who wrote "Helen's Babies," is very fond of the sea, and looks somewhat like a sailor, with his bronzed face, shaggy hair, and loose shirt-collar. He is one of the most successful newspaper writers of the day.

NATURE produces the light given by the firefly at about one-four-hundredth part of the cost of the energy expended in the candle flame, and at an insignificant fraction of the cost of electric light, or the most economical artificial light yet devised.

WILLIAM BLACK, who is now writing his twenty-second volume, has peculiar methods of work. He fishes all summer and writes all winter; his writing is done at a quiet place at Brighton, and he is so sensitive to noise that he lays down his pen at the sound of a footfall on the stair.

BY count and estimate it is said that a shrimp would every year produce about 6,800 eggs, a prawn 8,800, a lobster 21,600, a flounder 133,407, a mackerel 454,651, a herring 36,960, a cod 3,686,760, a ling 18,248,625; the swarm of enemies to which they are exposed renders necessary the production of a much larger number of eggs than are hatched, otherwise any species would become extinct.

SEASON TICKETS.—These are the subject of a short article in the **LEISURE HOUR**. It is said that a collector can take 4,000 tickets an hour; but how many season ticket-holders is he able to recognise in the same time? In truth, there are a large number of "seasons" who are thoughtlessly unreasonable in this matter. "The moon looks on many brooks; the brook sees but one moon." The collector looks upon many ticket-holders; the ticket-holders see but one collector, and expect him to be as well acquainted with them as they are with him. What a task this recognition must be! There are ten companies, having each more than 20,000 season ticket-holders. The North-Western has as many as 54,000, and South-Western nearly 40,000. Altogether there are a million and a quarter season ticket-holders in Great Britain, and to recognise these there are about 2,000 ticket collectors. If we can in some slight degree mollify the anger of the hasty at being asked to show a ticket every morning, we shall not have wasted space in pointing out that these figures average but one collector for each 625 faces.

A REVENGEFUL BEAST.—An English traveller in the East gives the camel a very poor character. According to his account the creature is, from first to last, undomesticated and savage, rendered serviceable not by tameness, but stupidity. One passion alone he possesses, namely, revenge, in the carrying out of which he shows an unexpected degree of far-thoughted malice, united with all the solid stupidity of his usual character. One instance of this he well remembers. A lad of about fourteen had conducted a large camel, laden with wood, to another village at about an hour's distance. As the animal loitered, or turned out of the way, its driver struck it repeatedly, and harder than it seems to have thought he had a right to do. A few days later the same lad had to reconduct the beast, unladen, to his own village. When they were about half way on the road, and at some distance from any habitation, the camel suddenly stopped, made a step forward, seized the unfortunate boy's head in its monstrous mouth, and lifting him into the air flung him down again with the upper part of his skull completely torn off. Having thus satisfied his revenge, the brute quietly resumed its pace towards the village, as though nothing were the matter, till some men who had observed the whole proceeding, though unfortunately at too great a distance to be able to afford timely help, came up and killed it.

FICTION.

AN ENERGETIC BORROWER.—"I'm going to move," said Mr. Butterwick; "I can't stand those Thompsons next door to me any longer. They're the worst people to borrow I ever saw. Coffee and butter, and sugar and flour, I don't mind so much, although when a woman borrows high-priced sugar and Java coffee, and sends black sand and chicory, a man naturally feels bad about it. But they've borrowed pretty nearly everything in the house. First it's one thing, and then another, from morning till night."

"Now, there's the poker! A poker is a piece of machinery that you would think anybody might go and buy, or, if they couldn't afford it, they might use a stair-rod to shake up the fire. But Mrs. Thompson seems to years after our poker; she borrows it fifteen or twenty times a day, and last Saturday she sent for it thirty-four times. She pays a boy two shillings a week to run over and borrow that poker, and she used it so much that it's all bent up like a corkscrew."

"Now, take chairs, for instance. She asks us to lend our chairs three times a day, at every meal, and she borrows the rocking-chair whenever she wants to put the baby to sleep."

"A couple of times she sent for our sofa, and when the boy came back with it last time he said Mrs. Thompson was as mad as thunder, and kept growling about the house all day because there were no castors on it, and her own blessed children had knocked them off the time before. Last Monday they borrowed our wash-tub, and we had to put our washing off till Tuesday. She made her Christmas pudding in it, and the consequence was, all our clothes were full of the stuff. I've got on a shirt now that I'm doubtful if I'll ever get off; it's stuck on so tight."

"Every now and then she has company, and she borrows our servant-girl and all the parlour furniture. Once, because I would not carry the piano over, and take down the chandelier, she told the girl that there were rumours about town that I was nothing but a reformed pirate."

"Perfectly scandalous! They think nothing of sending over for a couple of bedsteads or a carpet, and the other day Thompson says to me:—

"Butterwick, does your pump work easily?"

"And when I said I thought it did, he said:—

"Well, I would like to borrow it for a few days till I can get one, for mine is all rotted away."

"The only wonder to me is that he didn't try to borrow the wall with it."

"And then on Tuesday Mr. Thompson sent the boy over to know if Mr. Butterwick would lend him the front door. He said theirs was away being painted, and he was afraid the baby would catch cold. When I asked what he supposed we were going to do to keep comfortable without any front door, he said Mrs. Thompson said she thought we might tack up a bed quilt or something. And when I refused, the boy said Mrs. Thompson told him, if I wouldn't send over the front door, to ask Mrs. Butterwick to lend her a pair of striped stockings and to borrow a coal-scuttle till Monday."

"They're the most extraordinary people. Last July the boy came over and told Mrs. Butterwick that Mrs. Thompson would be obliged if she would lend her the twins for a few minutes. Said Mrs. Thompson wanted 'em to suck a new bottle-top, because it made their baby sick to taste fresh india-rubber. Cheeky, wasn't it? But that's just her way."

"Why, I've known her to take off Johnny's coat when he's been playing over there with her children, and send him home without it, to tell his mother that she borrowed it for a pattern. And on Thompson's birthday she said her house was so small for a party that if we'd lend her ours we might come late in the evening and dance with the company if we wouldn't say that we lived there."

"Yes, sir, I'm going to move. I'd rather live next door to a lunatic asylum, and have the lunatics pouring over the paling every hour of the day. Indeed, I would."

"HATS OFF."—Mr. Mix is bald, and, in order to induce his hair to grow again, he is using a very excellent "hair restorer" upon his scalp. Some time ago he was called as a jurymen, and upon the day of trial, just before the hour at which the Court met, he remembered that he had not applied the "restorer" to his head that morning. He had only a few minutes to spare, but he flew upstairs and into the dark cupboard where he kept the bottle, and, pouring some fluid upon a sponge, he rubbed his head energetically.

By some mishap Mr. Mix got hold of the wrong bottle, and the substance with which he inundated his scalp was not restorer but black varnish with which Mrs. Mix decorated her shoes. However, Mix didn't perceive the mistake, but darted down stairs, put on his hat, and walked off to the Court-house. It was a very cold morning, and by the time Mix reached his destination the varnish was as stiff as a stone. He felt a little uncomfortable about the head, and endeavoured to remove his hat to discover the cause of the difficulty, but, to his dismay, it was immovable. It was glued fast to the skin, and his efforts to take it off gave him dreadful pain.

Just then he heard his name called, and he had to go into Court to answer. He was wild with apprehension of coming trouble; but he took his seat in the jury-box, and determined to explain the situation to the Court at the earliest possible moment. As he sat there with a guilty feeling in his soul, it seemed to him that his hat kept getting bigger and bigger, until it appeared to him as large as a shot tower. Then he was conscious that the lawyers were staring at him. Then the clerk looked hard at him, and screamed, "Hats off in court!" and Mix grew crimson. "Hats off!" yelled the clerk again, and Mix was about to reply when the judge came in. As his eye rested on Mix, he said:—

"Persons in the court must remove their hats."

"May it please your lordship, I kept my hat on because—"

"Well, sir, you must take it off now."

"But I say I kept it on because—"

"We don't want any arguments upon the subject, sir. Take your hat off instantly," said the judge.

"But you don't let me—"

"Remove that hat this moment, sir! Are you going to bandy words with me, sir? Uncover your head at once!"

"Your lordship, if you will only give me a chance to—"

"This is intolerable! Do you mean to profane this sacred temple of justice with untimely levity? Take your hat off, sir, or I will fine you for contempt. Do you hear me?"

"Well, it's very hard that I can't say a word by way of ex—"

"This is too much," said the judge, warmly; "this is just a little too much. Perhaps you'd like to come up on the bench here and sentence a few prisoners? Mr. Clerk, fine that man forty shillings. Now, sir, remove your hat."

"Your lordship, this is pretty rough on me; I—"

"Won't do it yet?" said the judge, furiously. "Why, you impudent scoundrel, I've a good mind to— Mr. Clerk, fine him forty shillings more; and, Mr. Smickswag, you go and take that hat off by force."

Then the usher approached Mix, who was by this time half crazy with wrath, and hit the hat with his stick. It did not move. Then he struck it again, and caved in the crown; but it still remained on Mix's head. Then he picked up a volume of "Brown on Evidence," and smashed the crown in flat. Then Mix sprang at him, and shaking his fist under the nose of Smickswag, he shrieked:—

"You miserable scullion, I've half a notion to kill you! If that jackass on the bench had any sense, he could see that the hat was glued fast. I can't take it off if I wanted to, and I wouldn't take it off now if I could."

Then the judge removed the fines and excused him, and Mix went home. He slept in his hat for a week, and even when it came off, the top of his head looked as black as if mortification had set in.

It's very curious, so it is, how these here poets try to bring a sympathetic tear to some poor feller's eye, A-rhymin' an a-singin' of a mother's love and care, An' touchin' on her faded gown or stout old-fashioned chair.

But none of 'em, I've noticed, an' I've wondered o'er and o'er, Has sung about the slipper that my good old mother wore.

I recollect as well as if 'twas only yesterday, When it seemed a dreadful waste o' time to study 'stead o' play,

With other little youngsters who were hookin' off from school,

An' goin' to the swimmin'-hole, so shady, deep, an' cool,

An' many a time I'd left this earth through other realms to soar,

If 'twere for the slipper that my good old mother wore.

An' later, when the women sex began to interest, An' other fellers call'd on girls, all dressed up in their best,

She know'd that, tho' I couldn't keep myself to save my life,

That like as not I'd undertake supportin' of a wife;

But I waited for maturer years and her whom I adore, All owin' to the slipper that my good old mother wore.

She's a sitting in her armchair now, a smilin' all benign,

A talkin' to our neighbours 'bout "that grown-up son o' mine."

And she tells o' all the times she felt obliged myself to whale,

To keep me out of mischief, or even out of gaol;

An' she allers makes me own that I'd a been there long before

If it wasn't for the slipper that my good old mother wore.

Mrs. Coocox is justly indignant because her husband recently paid ten shillings a volume for an encyclopaedia, in eight volumes, and there isn't a recipe for mince pies in the whole thing.

SHE TWIGGED.—He called at the house and asked if she had any carpets to beat, adding that he had been in the business for over twenty years.

"How much to beat that parlour carpet?" she asked.

"Four shillings."

"Why, that's awful! There was a man here yesterday who offered to do the job for two shillings."

"Exactly, madam; but how was he prepared?"

"He had a stick in his hand."

"I presume so. He intended to take the carpet ont on a vacant piece of land, didn't he?"

"Yes, our yard is too small, you know."

"Exactly. That is a tapestry Brussels carpet. It is badly worn; it has numerous holes in it. He would make a great show in getting it out and in here. Out on the piece of land, he would give your name to everyone who asked who the carpet belonged to. Is that the way to do a job of this sort?"

"How do you do it?"

"I take the carpet out through the back yard. I wheel it home. I beat it in a yard surrounded by a high board fence, and while I am returning it, all nicely rolled up and covered with a cloth, if anyone asks me what I have, I reply that it is a velvet carpet for No. 224, Blank Street. If no one asks any questions, I call at the houses on either side of you and ask if they have just ordered a new Wilton. They watch me, and see me come in here. Madam, in the language of the Greeks, do you twig?"

He was given the job.

A boy asked his mother if all people alike were made of dust, and being told "Yes," took in the ethnology of the subject by saying he supposed white people were made of a clean variety and black people of coal dust.

STRICTLY speaking, what is "sauce for the goose" is not always "sauce for the gander." A man, for instance, cannot realise the wonderful amount of felicity there is in the possession of a guinea bonnet, with a gothic portico and flower garden on the port side, and a green lizard on the starboard quarter; and no woman can understand the absorbing happiness that lies in punching billiard balls for hours in succession at a shilling a game.

ABOUT as quaint a thing as we ever heard of in connection with cycling was that described to us the other day by one who had seen it. The rector of a certain country church lives a good distance from it, and is not blessed with anything that can justly be called a vestry. He is an ardent cyclist, and he solves the difficulty by robing at home and riding to church in full canonicals. The effect, as he hurries along the country roads, working his very hardest, with his surplice floating gaily on the breeze, is said to be unique, imposing, and calculated to strike terror to the soul of the village wrong-doer if the dusk of an early winter afternoon is beginning to fall.

ON one occasion there had been disagreements between the theatrical authorities and the Aberdeen students, who paid off their score in a novel way. They booked all the private boxes for the first night of the pantomime. The pantomime was produced, but when the curtain rose not an eye was turned towards the stage. The house instead looked at the boxes, and burst into a roar of laughter. There, dangling down over the gilt and velvet front of all the boxes were dozens of legs, but not a body or face was visible. The moment the curtain rose every student had cast himself on his back and thrown his feet on to the ledge of the box. And so they remained for the greater part of the evening. The manager was helpless to remedy things, and went wild with despair, the actresses shed tears of mortification, the actors raved, but the students enjoyed themselves.

THE PUNKSUTAWNY SPIRIT tells how Miss Irene Taylor, an American actress, stopped dying to rebuke the audience:—"During the death scene in the play of 'Camille,' at the opera house, Miss Irene Taylor, who had the rôle of Camille, treated the audience to a real exhibition of feeling not on the programme. The heroine was dying of consumption. Death was just about to lay its skeleton fingers upon her tired heart. Her eyes began to assume that fixed, glassy expression which immediately precedes dissolution, and she gasped painfully for breath. The scene was well studied, realistic, and pathetic, and she was about to drop into the arms of her agonised lover—dead—when several women in the audience laughed. Immediately the face of the dying woman assumed a stern and angry expression. She stood defiantly erect, and pointing her finger at the offenders, said in withering tones: 'Any woman who could laugh during such a scene as this is utterly void of any sense of delicacy or refinement of feeling. She is totally lacking in the sentiments of common humanity, and could not appreciate anything higher than the Topsy or the donkey in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." When she had delivered herself of this ebullition of indignation, she calmly and deliberately proceeded to die in the most approved style—counterfeiting death with wonderful accuracy; and there was no more flustering either.'

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CRITICS' MISTAKES.

Critics often go very much astray in their estimates. For instance, "She Stoops to Conquer" was dismissed by one of them as an incoherent piece of stuff, devoid of either plot or incident, unnatural in every scene, and outraging the laws both of the drama and of human nature. The same reviewer showed his discrimination by describing Sheridan's "Rivals" as a heterogeneous mass of matter through which he assures his readers that he had waded with the utmost difficulty.

Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*, made several sad blunders, especially as regards Wordsworth's poems. This graceful writer's "Imitations of Mortality" is regarded by most people as the best piece of work he ever did, but Jeffrey could speak of it only as "a flagrant specimen of the hopelessly absurd." "The White Doe of Rylstone" he considered to be "the very worst poem ever imprinted in a quarto volume," an opinion which is condemned by its own sweeping injustice.

"This will never do," were the words with which he began his critique upon Wordsworth's "Excursion," going on to describe this poem as "longer, weaker, and tamer than any of Mr. Wordsworth's previous productions, with less boldness of originality, and less even of that extreme simplicity and lowliness of tone which wavered so prettily in the 'Lyrical Ballads' between silliness and pathos. We have imitations of Cowper and even of Milton here, ingrafted on the natural drawl of the Lakers, and diluted into harmony by that profuse and irresistible wordiness which deluges all the blank verse of this school of poetry, and lubricates and weakens all the structure of their style."

Jeffrey was as unfortunate when he alluded to Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" as "so much trash," bewailing the national taste which in it "can admire sheer nonsense." The *Quarterly Review*'s epithets of "savage and tartarly" were well earned for it by Gifford, who was perhaps more unjust in his criticisms than any writer of equal standing. His strictures were not confined to the work which he was reviewing, but included its author, and no friend of any of the authors whom he disliked could hope for fair treatment from him.

Hunt's association with the *Liberal Examiner* were sufficient to secure for him the most savagely-hostile criticism from the Tory editor, who followed up some adverse remarks upon one of his works with this passage:—

"Mr. Hunt is, indeed, a most pitiable man. He began life, we doubt not, with pure and lofty dreams; he must now feel that he has taken the wrong course, and that he can never realise them; he has put on himself his own trammels. He knows that he has done so; they gaff him, but he can never break them. Henceforth all will be wormwood and bitterness to him. He may write a few more stinging, and a few more brilliant, periods; he may slander a few more eminent characters; he may go on to deride venerable and holy institutions; he may stir up more discontent and sedition, but he will have no peace of mind within; he will do none of the good he once hoped to do, nor yet have the bitter satisfaction of doing all the evil he now desires; he will live and die unthought of in his own generation, and for his own sake, it is to be hoped, moulder unknown in those which are to follow."

Shelley was another writer who seems to have roused Gifford's special ire. He condemned his poetry as "drivelling prose run mad," without "one original image of nature, one single expression of human feeling, or new association of the moral with those of the material world." As in the case of Leigh Hunt, the author comes in for chastisement at the hands of this bitter critic, in common with his work, and we are informed that Shelley was "unteachable in boyhood, unamiable in youth, querulous and unmanly in manhood."

Gifford's absurdly unjust review of "Endymion," which is falsely said to have been the cause of Keats' death, is too well known to call for more than a passing allusion. It is sufficient to say that the attack was not softened by the smallest particle of praise. Jeffrey, though rebuking Keats almost as severely for his obscurity, wanderings, and extravagance, did not wholly condemn his poems, admitting that they were "flushed all over with the rich lights of fancy, and so coloured and bestrewn with the flowers of poetry, that even while perplexed and bewildered in the labyrinth, it is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness, or to shut our hearts to the enchantments they so lavishly present."

To turn for a moment to the converse side, we read that Denham's "Cooper's Hill" is a poem, which, for majesty of the style, is, and ever will be, the exact standard of good writing. We venture to say that not one in a hundred of the readers of this article know of its existence, any more than they do of that of Tickell's "Elegy on the Death of Addison," pronounced "one of the finest poems in our language," or of Blackmore's "Creation," which was called "one of the most noble productions of English verse, in which the depths of philosophy are enlivened with all the charms of poetry." On the appearance of "Pamela," the world was informed that, "next to the Bible, it ought to be preserved." Preserved it no doubt is, in old and scarce editions, but not to be read.

HOW BODIES ARE CREMATED.

In view of the fact that the late Baron Huddleston expressly desired that his remains should be cremated, a description of the process may be read with interest.

The crematorium of the Cremation Society of England is situated at Woking, about two miles from the station, and on the main road to Brookwood. At the entrance to the grounds, which are three acres in extent, stands a well-kept lodge, wherein the sole attendant lives with his family. Passing down a short drive, one arrives at the front entrance of the chapel. This is a red-brick edifice of substantial structure, about sixty feet long by thirty broad. In front are two substantial-looking doors, the centre one leading into the interior of the chapel, the other into the waiting-room.

The building has been constructed solely with the idea that it is a church in which a solemn rite is to be performed. The floor consists of pitch-pine blocks, arranged diagonally; the light is of a soft, subdued nature, the upper part of the windows being of richly-stained glass. On the floor stands a reading-desk of plain oak, opposite this being the rows of chairs on which the friends who are to witness the first part of the ceremony sit.

Between the reading-desk and the chairs is a bier, on which the coffin rests. Under the eastern window are three rows of niches. These are intended to hold the polished boxes which contain the urns, when the friends desire to leave the ashes at the chapel. On the west side is a waiting-room, which communicates with the interior of the chapel and with the grounds.

The crematorium proper is reached by means of two massive oak doors, which stand exactly opposite the central entrance to the chapel. This is a very well-lighted building, being about forty feet in length and fifteen in breadth, and it is so constructed that, although it is in immediate proximity to the chapel, people who are in the latter building can neither see nor hear any part of the process of incineration. Furthermore a very proper and common-sense regulation has been made by the society to the effect that the friends of the deceased are not allowed to witness anything beyond the religious service, though they may be represented by their medical man should they wish it.

The roof of the crematory is of glass, the sides having no windows. In the centre of the structure is the furnace. This has been stoutly built with fire bricks, and is completely covered in at the sides and roof, though open at the front and back, the opening in front being for the introduction of the remains, and the one at the back part of the furnace being the fuel supply door.

The coffin having been carried from the chapel on the bier is taken to the crematorium and placed on a metal trolley, which stands on a large stone pier in front of the entrance door of the furnace. Between the coffin and the trolley are three or four metallic girders. The furnace having been in process of preparation for some two or three hours previously, is now at a white heat. The coffin is introduced into it, and by means of the iron girders and the shelved construction of the interior of the furnace, remains in position after the trolley is withdrawn.

Both the openings being closed, the draught is so regulated that the coffin is immediately surrounded by intense heat on all sides. During the process the resulting fumes are passed through a long conducting flue to the exit shaft, a lofty structure, at the base of which is a clear coke fire, through which the fumes must pass before reaching the open air, thus rendering them entirely invisible and inodorous.

The attendant is able to satisfy himself of the completion of the process by means of certain view-holes placed on a level with the upper part of the furnace. The time usually required is about two hours, and the quantity of coal is about five hundredweight.

As soon as the remains are consumed, the intense heat and draught are cut off by means of a simple mechanical contrivance, and the furnace is allowed to cool for a short time. The furnace door is then opened, and the ashes collected. Those which are the result of the incineration of the body are readily separated from any extraneous matter, as they are of pure white colour, whilst those of the coffin are much darker.

They are placed in a Doulton ware jar, and the whole is enclosed in a wooden box or placed in a coffin and buried in consecrated ground. It has been found that the elaborate metallic decorations and fittings, which are, in some cases, placed on coffins, delay the process considerably, and in some cases the attendants are compelled to remove them before the introduction of the coffin into the furnace.

Only a short notice is required in order to secure the use of the crematory, but the regulations of the society must be strictly complied with. In the first place, there must be a written anti-mortem request for cremation, or one signed by the friends of the dead man. Then there must be submitted the certificates from duly qualified medical men relative to the cause of death. The cost of cremation is quite moderate. So much has been written about cremation from the sanitary standpoint, that we do not propose to deal with that branch of the subject here. We have, therefore, confined ourselves to a brief description of the actual process.

THE SMALL BEGINNING OF A GREAT INDUSTRY.

By the side of a noble South African river, and not far from where it joins the Vaal in the division of Hopetown, there lived an old Dutchwoman. She was very poor, having a small field in which to grow corn, a little garden in front of her cottage, and a few goats. With her lived a grandchild, her sole companion, with whom two other children from a neighbouring cottage often came to play.

One sultry day, in the year 1867, as the old Dutchwoman was working with her needle, and the children at the door of the cottage sat in a happy group with smooth stones for toys, a man named Schalk van Niekerk, who was passing, being attracted by them, turned in to have a talk and rest awhile.

As he sat he watched the children at their game, and after a little, bending over, asked the woman's grandchild to give him one of the stones to which he pointed. She did so, and he, showing it to the woman, said that "it was not like an ordinary stone, and as he would like to have it he would give her something for it." The old woman indignantly replied that "she was not going to sell Orange River stones, and that he might have it if he liked."

"Well," said he, "if I find it is worth anything, and I can sell it, I will give you half."

Soon afterwards he said good-bye to the grandmother and the children, and went away. Some days later he was in Hopetown on business, and, having the stone in his pocket, took it to Mr. C—, the Civil Commissioner of the district, and asked him if he thought it was of any value. Mr. C—, seeing that the stone possessed a dull brilliancy, somewhat like that of newly-broken tin, got up, and going to the window, scraped it on the glass. The stone at once cut the glass.

Mr. C— said that he did not know what the stone was, but that he would send it to a friend in Graham's Town, who was skilled in these things. He did so, and in some days an answer came that it was a diamond. It was then forwarded to a Capetown lapidary for his opinion, and he wrote to say that it was not only a diamond, but one of the first water, and worth five hundred pounds.

All this time Van Niekerk did not think it worth his while to come back to inquire about his stone, as he supposed that he would get at most some ten or fifteen shillings for it. The fact of this diamond having been found in the Orange River gravel was then reported to the governor of the colony, Sir P. Wodehouse, who at once expressed a wish to buy it. Mr. C—, on being informed of this, sent for Van Niekerk, and asked him if he would sell the stone. He said, "Certainly, for anything I can get." "Very well," replied Mr. C—; "come back in fourteen days."

In fourteen days Van Niekerk returned, and, as he entered the room, Mr. C— said, "I have sold the stone, and here is the price," at the same time laying five hundred sovereigns on the table before him. Van Niekerk, turning deadly pale from excitement, looked at Mr. C—, and said,

"You know, sir, that I am a poor struggling man, and heavily in debt, and it is not fair to fool me like this."

With difficulty Mr. C— persuaded him that it was a reality. He then endeavoured to thrust fifty sovereigns into his benefactor's hand, but this was of course refused. Becoming calmer, he gathered up his wealth and went away. Presently, he returned, saying that he wanted to ask a question.

"I promised," said he, "when I took the stone, to give the old woman half of whatever I got for it. Do you think I am bound to give her such a sum?"

"If you take my advice," said Mr. C—, "you will act like an honest man, and keep your word."

"Well, sir," said he, "if you tell me to do it, I will do it."

Van Niekerk left, and going to the little cottage where the children were at play, he put two hundred and fifty sovereigns in the old woman's lap, and made her and her little grandchild independent and happy for the rest of their lives. He then paid all his debts, and in a few days, with a light heart, set out again for the Orange River, where he now spent all his time in searching for diamonds, and before a year was over he was rewarded for keeping his promise to the old grandmother by a success that enabled him to amass a fortune of many thousand pounds.

CANVASSING RESULT.

Issue dated December 6.

Mr. GEO. BRIDGER, 14, Sinclair Road, Hammersmith, W., sent 54 coupons, and a guinea, together with a pencil-case have been forwarded to him.

Pencil-cases have been forwarded to each of the following: Mr. R. George, 80, Netherwood Road, W.; Miss Bridger, 14, Sinclair Road, W.; Hon. Mrs. Nelson, Shaw, Newbury; and Mrs. E. Briton, 18, Sinclair Road, W.

We said enough about the unsatisfactory nature of this Competition last week. The result of our remarks cannot be apparent until the next issue.

OUR PRIZE STORY.

The following story, sent by

MR. W. J. DORAN,
20, MILL STREET,
BALLYMENA.

is the best received. We have therefore forwarded him a cheque for Two Guineas.

A CONVICT'S SACRIFICE.

A few shots in rapid succession and the sound of hasty feet along the dusty road, and the senora looked up from her sewing just in time to see a young man clad in the coarse garb of a convict rush into the little summer house where she was sitting.

"Save me!" cried the panting fugitive; "my life is at stake."

One glance at the man's face decided the lady. She heard the steps of the pursuers.

"Under here. Quick!" was her imperious order. Jose Garcia, in spite of his alarm, could not restrain a smile. But it was no time to hesitate. Without a word he crawled under the folds of the light fabric on which the lady was plying her needle, and which rippled over her lap and lay piled up at her feet.

Sitting with his back against the senora's knees, the convict was securely concealed from view.

It was not a moment too soon. An officer with a squad of soldiers appeared at the door of the summer-house.

"The convict, senora, did you see him?" inquired the officer, breathlessly.

"I heard shots, and the footsteps of someone running rapidly," replied the lady. "By all means search the place before you leave."

With effusive thanks, the officer at once proceeded to search the grounds, and the senora's house was also subjected to a close scrutiny.

"Again I thank you," said the commander of the squad, approaching the summer-house; "but the villain is not here, and we must be off in a hurry."

He waved his hand gracefully, and disappeared with the soldiers down the road.

Jose Garcia emerged from under his protecting cover.

"Senora, you have saved my life," he said, in a voice of deep emotion.

"Then I am very glad," answered the lady; "perhaps I was wrong, but I could not see you hunted down and shot like a wild beast."

She looked at his costume and shuddered.

"Doubtless you are a very bad man," she continued, "or they would not have tried to kill you. But I wanted to give you a chance. I hope you will get away; and if you feel grateful to me do try to keep out of trouble."

Jose gave a low laugh. His bold eyes for the first time took in the little lady completely. He noted her pale face with the lines of suffering around the eyes. Then he looked at the black costume.

"The senora is a widow," he said pityingly; "I trust she has good friends."

"Oh, no," was the hasty reply; "my husband lives. He is Dr. Miramon," and she drew herself up proudly; "I wear black," she resumed, "because he is a prisoner, and there is no hope that he will ever be restored to me. But he wears no convict stripes. His offence was political. You may have heard of his pamphlet."

Jose Garcia had heard of it. He knew that Dr. Miramon had been arrested because he had written against the Government.

"This little place," said the senora, "is not mine. I rent it and live here with two old servants, who are devoted to me. But for them there would be nothing in store for me but starvation. It makes little difference, perhaps, as my husband's health is giving way under his cruel confinement, and his death will be the signal for mine."

"If I can ever help you, senora," said the convict, earnestly, "I will at any cost. Ten thousand thanks for your kindness. Adios!"

And Jose Garcia darted across the road, taking good care not to head in the direction of Havana, only a mile or so away.

When morning dawned Garcia found himself at the cabin of one of his old companions in crime. He entered boldly, and was heartily welcomed and provided with a breakfast and a change of garments.

Although a robber like Garcia, the dweller in the cabin was true to his friends, and in some things honest to a fault.

When Gomez heard the story of Garcia's escape he opened his eyes with an exclamation of astonishment.

"I am sorry for the good senora," he said; "her husband is a clever man. He was sentenced to pay a fine of 10,000 dollars, or be imprisoned for ten years. He cannot pay the fine, and he will die in less than a year."

Garcia scratched his head and looked thoughtful. Then he stepped outside and did some serious thinking.

"You pig-headed robber!" He was addressing himself. "You jail-bird, you have just one chance to make a map of yourself. There will be a reward offered for you, and it will be a big one, probably

10,000 dollars. Sooner or later you will be caught, anyhow. Why not trick the Government out of that reward, and make the little senora happy by securing her husband's liberty?"

The idea appeared to tickle Garcia. He laughed immoderately, and then wiped away a tear.

"I am going crazy, I think," was his next remark, "but I ought to be willing to do anything for the senora. It does not matter whether I die now or get shot in the back by the soldiers a few weeks later."

As Jose Garcia promenaded up and down his friend's garden talking to himself, the hard lines in his face gradually vanished.

"I must talk with Gomez," he said, "and have him manage it. I'll make him promise to do it."

There was a quiet talk between the two friends, and Gomez, after many objections and protests, finally agreed to slip into Havana and find out the situation.

At ten o'clock that night two cloaked figures entered the gate at the captain-general's palace. One of them had his arms pinioned behind him, but his cloak hid his condition from the passers-by.

It took fierce and earnest solicitation to obtain an audience with the captain-general, but the strangers at last found themselves in the presence of that awful functionary.

"I bring you Jose Garcia, the famous robber and murderer, for whom your excellency has offered 10,000 dollars, dead or alive," said Gomez, in a swelling, boastful tone.

He stripped off Garcia's hat and cloak, and the prisoner hung his head.

"You have done well," said the captain-general, eyeing Gomez sternly; "but how was this red-handed desperado captured?"

"I found him asleep in the woods," was the glib reply, "and knowing the rascal's face only too well, for he robbed me once of all I had, I jumped upon him and bound him."

The captain-general called an officer, who looked closely at Garcia.

"He is the man," was his brief report.

"And this fellow?" said the captain-general, haughtily, pointing to Gomez.

"I don't like his face," said the officer, "but he has never been in my hands."

"See that he gets his money, then," commanded the other, "and let a file of men take the prisoner to the castle."

So Garcia was marched off in one direction, and Gomez was led off in another.

Jose Garcia knew very well what his fate would be. He had been the chief of a band of robbers for five years, and during that time he had done all the mischief that could be done with fire and sword. He had pillaged the captain-general's own plantation. He had given his active support to a revolutionary movement.

Yet the fellow slept soundly that night, after he had been lodged in the castle, and in the morning the absence of anything in the shape of breakfast did not seem to disturb him.

The prisoner allowed himself to be marched into the courtyard without a murmur. He took his stand unconcernedly, and smiled upon the soldiers.

"Take good aim," he said; and then he whispered, "I wonder what the senora would think of it?"

He fell dead at the first volley.

A week later Dr. Miramon and the senora joined the Cuban colony at Key West.

To the astonishment of the doctor and everybody else, some unknown friend had paid his fine and secured his release.

The transaction had been conducted by a priest, who refused to make any explanation.

To this day they remain in utter ignorance of the fact that Miramon's freedom cost a poor convict his life.

PRIZE STORY NOTICE.

We offer every week a PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS to the sender of the best story received. We strive for originality in this paper, but in order that all readers may have a chance of gaining this sum, stories sent in competition may be either original or selected. Their length should not exceed three columns of this paper, or three thousand words. The source of each selected piece sent in must be plainly stated, and on each competition the name and address of the sender must be legibly written.

No use whatever will be made of unsuccessful competitions, unless, indeed, we think fit to publish original matter received at ordinary rates. Any one person may send any number of stories the same week. Envelopes containing competitions should be marked "Prize Story" in the top left-hand corner. Competitions may be sent any day. Each week's selection will be made from the stories received between Monday and Saturday. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe custody of competitions, though every endeavour will be made to return unsuccessful ones with which stamped envelopes are enclosed. These not accompanied by stamped envelopes will be destroyed.

SAMUEL H. CLEMENS ("Mark Twain") is a member of Rev. Mr. Twichell's church in Hartford, and so was the late ex-Governor Marshall Jewell. But the ex-governor was "higher up" in the church, as the humourist expressed it, and used to pass round the plate. One day Mark Twain said to the ex-governor: "See here, Governor, they let you collect the donations, but they would never let me do it." "Oh, yes, they would," said the ex-governor, adding, "that is, with a bell punch."

Two or three nights ago a laddie of ten years of age or so was sitting examining very gravely a somewhat ugly hole in the heel of one of his stockings. At length he looked towards his mother, and said:

"Mither, ye might gie me a pair of new stockin's."

"So I will, laddie, by-and-by; but ye're no sair needin' new anes yet," answered his mother.

"Will ye gie me them this week, mither?"

"What mak's ye sae anxious to hae them this week?"

"Ou, because, if Santa Claus pits onything into these anes it'll fa' oot."

"ETHELINDA, darling," murmured the enraptured young man, "this is the happiest moment of my life. I came here this evening, hoping, yet fearing. I could not put it off any longer. I felt that I must know my fate. The suspense was killing me. But now—I swear it by this lovely head resting so confidently on my shoulder, by the kiss on your sweet lips, I—but what was that clicking noise I heard just then?"

"Nothing, Walter, nothing but papa. He's a lawyer, you know, but he amuses himself with all sorts of queer fads. He's practising on us with his detective camera. Go on, Walter, dear, what were you about to say?"

A PHYSICIAN named Vial was a desperate lover of whist. One evening in the midst of a deal the doctor fell off his chair in a fit. Consternation seized on the company. Was he alive or dead? What was to be done? All help was given, hartshorn poured down his throat by one friend, while another feelingly singed his nose with burnt feathers. All were in the breathless agony of suspense for his safety. At length he showed signs of life, and retaining the last fond idea which had possessed him at the moment he fell into a fit, to the joy of the whole company he exclaimed, "What are trumps?"

A GENTLEMAN residing in a village not many miles from Bristol, finding that the diminution of his wood-pile continued after his fires went out, lay awake one night in order to obtain, if possible, some clue to the mystery. At an hour when "all honest folks should be in bed," hearing an operator at work in the yard, he cautiously raised his chamber window, and saw a lazy neighbour endeavouring to get a large log into his wheelbarrow.

"You're a pretty fellow," said the owner, "to come here and steal my wood while I sleep."

"Yes," replied the thief; "and I suppose you would stay up there and see me break my back with lifting before you'd offer to come down and help me."

As a pedestrian tourist was lately proceeding towards Abbotsford, he asked a man who was breaking stones by the roadside how long it would take him to reach that place. The man looked at him without speaking, and then resumed his work. The question was repeated, with the same result, and at last the traveller walked on. He had not proceeded more than a hundred yards when the man called after him, and made a sign for him to return. When the pedestrian reached the stone-breaker, the latter said to him:—

"It will take you an hour to reach Abbotsford."

"Then why did you not tell me so at first?" asked the traveller.

"Why," said the man, "it was necessary for me to see at what rate you walked, and, from the way you step out, I am now able to say that you will reach it in an hour."

FELIX DURYOS, for some years cook in the kitchen of Louis Philippe, died recently in Paris. During his lifetime he had amassed a pretty considerable fortune, no less than 250,000 francs. This sum he left to his two nephews, but on one condition. They were to place on his tombstone, instead of the usual high-flown inscription, extolling the many virtues of the deceased, a brass frame, in which one of his famous cookery recipes, written in large characters, was daily to be inserted. "Thus," as the benevolent old man says in his will, "people desirous of instructing themselves will be able to pay a visit to the cemetery to gain some useful information." If the nephews did not follow out these instructions, the money was to go to the "Assistance Publique." Unfortunately for them, the Epitaph Commission will not allow the dying wish of the veteran chef to be executed. So the nephews are going to law. It will be hard if this testamentary disposition is set aside when so many more foolish and less well-meaning ones are executed every day.

THE LADY WHO WEARS MOST JEWELLERY.

No woman in the world wears so many jewels as the Czarina. Even her sister, who, when she comes to the British throne, will wear the Kohinoor, will not have such jewels, nor wear so many of them at one time. The Russian crown jewels are something simply fabulous. It is to be doubted whether anyone outside of that country has any definite conception of the extent of the Romanoff possessions in the way of precious stones.

The Russians still retain their old barbaric love of splendour, and when the Empress shows herself she is a vision of unmatched gorgeousness. She is one of the few monarchs who still make a practice of wearing crowns on great occasions. Most of the European queens and empresses content themselves with tiaras; even Queen Victoria, on the occasion of her Jubilee levées, wore only one of the diamond tiaras, such as may be seen on the heads of her wealthy women subjects in the boxes at the opera.

The Czarina wears a real crown. She uses several; but the favourite one is that made and worn by the great Elizabeth of Russia, and which is loaded with gems of great price. The pearls it alone are said to be valued at something like 80,000 roubles.

When the Empress danced one night with the Austrian Ambassador, causing the significant fact to be flashed round the world, over mountains and under oceans before morning, she was arrayed in a fashion of which Solomon never dreamed.

On her head was the Elizabethan crown. Her gown was of heavy white watered-silk, with a white velvet train, embroidered heavily in gold, and hung about all the edges with gold balls. The front of the gown was ornamented with ropes of linked pink coral, set in diamonds, and fastened at intervals to the dress. The necklace she wore contained over a thousand stones, and reached nearly from neck to waist—a mass of rubies, sapphires, and diamonds—a veritable breast-plate of gems.

Besides this, she wore on her breast about half of her orders—she has over forty in all—and they, too, were flashing with precious stones. Her rings, bracelets, and earrings were all equally magnificent, and when she danced it was like the Northern Lights in a misty sky, a myriad flashing rays of all hues glittering and changing with every movement.

Yet the Czarina, when she goes back to her early home in Denmark, is absolutely simple in her costumes, wearing, for the most part, print frocks in the morning, and a plain straw hat, with merely a ribbon round it, for her walks and drives. As a Danish princess she had no jewels, and very few of even the simplest gowns, for the Royal House of Denmark is poor, and neither she nor the Princess of Wales knew anything of luxury until they married.

NARROW ESCAPES OF FAMOUS MANUSCRIPTS.

ROMANCE is interwoven with the fate of many a notable book before it has reached the printer's hands, especially, perhaps, with the history of some of the classics. "The Institutions of Quintilian," the most complete scheme of rhetoric handed down from ancient times, had vanished. It was discovered by Poggio, the secretary to eight popes in succession. Careless monks had hidden it away under a heap of rubbish in a ramshackle coffer belonging to the tower of the monastery of St. Gall.

Luther's "Table Talk," packed away in bees-wax, came fortunately to light in 1626, when some workmen were digging at the foundations of an old house. The great collection of the State Papers of Thurloe, secretary to Cromwell, accidentally fell out of the false ceiling of a chamber in Lincoln's Inn. Milton's "Doctrines of Christianity" was casually come upon in the middle of a sheaf of despatches.

Dante's "Divina Comedia" was made a complete manuscript after the poet's death, through the instrumentality of a dream. The sons of the great Florentine were puzzled by the fact that a number of cantos were missing. They had reason to believe that their father had written more than were immediately forthcoming. Months passed on, and every effort to find the papers had ended in failure. One morning, when eight months had elapsed, Dante's son, Jacopo, paid a surprise visit to one Pier Giardino, reputed an admirer and disciple of the poet. He had a strange story to tell. His father had seemed to come to his side in a vivid vision of the past night, had led him in fancy to another room, and touching a wall, said, "What you have sought for so much is here." In the early dawn the two impatient men set off to the house seen in Jacopo's dream. They persuaded the tenant to allow them to go to the indicated chamber. A blind was fixed to the wall within. Removing this, their eyes were gladdened by the disclosure of a mouldy pile of MS. The lost cantos, thirteen in number, were found.

A strange peril was put in the path of some of the most wonderful poems of this century by their author. Dante Gabrielle Rossetti lost his wife after a brief and happy union crowning a long courtship. On the day when the last sad offices were to be fulfilled, the poet

walked into the room which contained his wife's remains. He spoke to the dead as if the closed ears could attend. A book of manuscript poetry was in his hand. He told the fair, still form that the poems were hers, and she must take them with her; and he placed the packet in the coffin and left it to be interred in Highgate Cemetery. But Rossetti's friends knew how rich was the treasure thus buried. They importuned him on the subject, and at last prevailed. Application was made to the Home Secretary, leave was obtained, the MS. volume was exhumed after being seven years in the tomb, and fortunately it was in a fair state of preservation. In due time the poems were published, and they are now an imperishable part of Victorian literature. They were almost sacrificed on the shrine of true love.

Quite recently a narrow escape of valuable literary work has been put on record. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson was sailing between his new and beautiful home in distant Samoa, and Auckland. The cabin caught fire, and there was consternation in the vessel. The burning things were hauled upon deck and pitched helter-skelter into the sea. Everyone's idea was to keep the flames from spreading. Suddenly, the novelist's wife saw two of the sailors heaving forward a box which had caught fire, and was slowly burning. Mrs. Stevenson knew it, and, with a cry of dismay, she interposed. It was just in time. Another second or two and the labour of many months would have been consigned to the deep. The box was a casket of works in MS. It held the compositions of one of the ablest writers of these years—saved by a narrow chance.

GLASS EYES.

GERMANY and Switzerland produce over two million glass eyes in a year; and a Paris manufacturer, with a reputation for finer work, some three hundred thousand. They are made in the shape of a hollow hemisphere, and the utmost skill is required in forming the pupil out of the coloured glass.

Every variety of colour is used, some eyes being even traced on the inside with red pencil to produce a bloodshot effect.

"We fit the eyes," said a dealer, recently, "to the socket by heating and softening the ball, and then cutting it with hot scissors to the proper size and shape. The hollow part fits over the stump of the eye. When this is neatly done, the artificial eye moves as readily as the real, and it is difficult to tell which one is glass."

The great majority of artificial eyes are used by workmen, especially those in iron foundries, where many eyes are put out by sparks. It is seldom that a woman has a glass eye. If an artificial eye were not used when the real one had been injured, not only would it give to the possessor a peculiar facial appearance, but it would be apt to affect the other eye. An artificial eye seldom lasts longer than five years, because it is acted upon by the salt of perspiration and of tears, which dulls and roughens the surface.

For this reason it is customary to take the eye out at night, which also gives the socket a rest. Some men are able to cry just as well with a false as a real eye. It depends altogether upon whether certain arteries have been injured.

HOW THE POPE LIVES.

THERE is no personage in Europe whose words and actions awake such universal attention as do the words and actions of Leo XIII. To no palace do the eyes of the world look with more intense interest than to the Vatican.

The private library of Leo XIII., where he passes much of the time that he is free from the duties of his onerous position, is one of the few really inhabitable and cheerful rooms in all the Vatican. It is a large square apartment, with a fine ceiling, with the decorated beams showing. Tables, with the Pope's books upon them, chairs and couches, not without a certain air of comfort and repose, are set about.

A third of the room is screened off by a heavy satin-damask curtain, and behind this curtain is the Pope's sanctum, where he has his favourite books, his writing-table, and his great cage of singing-birds. He has a great fondness for birds, and the aviary in the Vatican gardens—where the white peacocks are kept which supply the feathers for the *stabelle*, which are carried before the Pope in great functions—has been much enlarged and improved.

The Pope is a hard worker from early morning till quite late at night, so that his repose is well earned and often much needed.

He rises at six in the morning, at half-past seven says Mass, and often gives Communion to the very numerous deputations who are privileged to assist at his Mass. He then hears a second Mass said by one of his chaplains, after which he retires to his private apartments and has a cup of chocolate.

Business then commences by the reception of various officials. He is next informed who are to be received later in the day. About midday the reception of deputations and general audiences of Catholic visitors, schools, religions of both sexes, congregations, etc., commences and continues till two in the afternoon, and

sometimes later. It is only after these are concluded that the Holy Father gets a little repose, and that he partakes of his simple repast, consisting of two dishes and fruit.

After a slight rest, the Pope then takes a drive in the Vatican gardens, where a winding road has been made for this purpose, in order to render his imprisonment within the walls as little tiresome as possible. The old towers in these walls, relics of former fortifications, have been turned into chambers, and from the summits of one or two of these fine views over the Campagna may be obtained.

On wet and unfavourable days the Holy Father confines his promenade to the galleries of the Vatican, the library, and other halls. In the evenings he receives in an informal way foreign bishops who have come to Rome, sometimes keeping them in conversation until after ten.

The Pope takes special pains, during these conversations, to inform himself minutely of the affairs of the dioceses over which these bishops preside. The conversations on such occasions are generally held in French or Italian; if the visitor is unacquainted with these languages Latin is employed. Such is the ordinary routine of the life led by the Pontiff in the Vatican.

"We are thinking seriously" says a country editor, "of establishing a poet's corner. It will be connected by a trap-door with the cellar."

MRS. RAFFERTY: "Your daughter has a fine touch on the pianny, Mrs. Moriarty."

Mrs. Moriarty: "Yis, she has a great taste for music; but thin, 'tis only natural, for her grandfather once had his skull opened wid a cornet at a timperance picnic."

"You couldn't give me a suite of two rooms with a bathroom adjoining, could you?" asked a young and æsthetic neophyte of a West Hebridean innkeeper.

"A what?" asked he.

"A suite of rooms."

"A which?"

"Why, a suite of rooms—a sitting-room and bed-chamber."

"How many is there of you?" asked the dazed landlord.

"No one is with me."

"And you want two rooms to yourself, and a bathroom thrown in? Well, if you ain't got cheek I don't know who has. Here, missus, show this chap up to that little room over the kitchen that ain't got but four beds in it. He wants to be private, he does. And he wants a bath, too; so you give him a sasser of soft soap and the towel after the rest is done with it, and then show him where the pump is. This ain't exactly the Grand Hotel in London, but when a gent from there favours me with his company he gets the best we've got, he does."

THE MOST LIBERAL RAILWAY INSURANCE EVER OFFERED.

Any number of claims made in one week recognised.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

Will be paid to whomsoever the Proprietors of this Paper may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any person who is killed in an accident occurring within the United Kingdom to a Railway Train in which he or she may be travelling. This payment will be made subject to the conditions and regulations mentioned below.

Either a complete copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or the page of such copy containing this notice, must be upon the person of the deceased at the time of the accident. The blank line at the foot of this notice must contain the usual signature of the deceased, written either in ink or pencil. Death must occur within twenty-four hours of the accident, and application for payment of the Insurance Money must be made to the Proprietors of this Paper within seven days of its occurrence. This offer is not extended to Railway Servants on duty. Five hundred pounds of the above sum will be paid by the

OCEAN

ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LTD., Mansion House Buildings, London, E.C., and a further sum of £500 will be paid by the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

This paper is on sale at all Newsagents and Book-stalls on Thursday of each week, and a copy confers the benefits of this insurance system until midnight on the Thursday following the date of publication. This offer is not confined to one claim, but will hold good for any number of individual cases. Not more than £1,000 will be paid on account of any one death.

Signature.....

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

Isobel will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

A Substitute for Potatoes. Steam or boil one pound of turnips, mash them well over the fire, sprinkling in about two ounces of oatmeal or peas-meal very slowly; put the mixture into a buttered dish, and brown it before the fire or in the oven. A little pepper, salt, and sugar should be added, according to taste.

Silver Ornaments should never be kept in wadding, which only tends to tarnish them. Wrap each article up in tissue paper, and any tarnish is removed by damping a piece of tissue, and rubbing the tarnished part, drying it with a clean piece of tissue. It is also very effective in cleaning gold jewellery. (Reply to DOLLIE.)

Bread Balls for Soup. Cut the crumb of a stale loaf into pieces, put them in a basin, and pour over them enough hot water to moisten without making them too wet; let them cool. Chop an onion, lay it in the frying-pan with a large lump of dripping and some chopped parsley, and fry a light brown; mix it with the bread, and, when cool, add two well-beaten eggs, salt, pepper, and sufficient flour to bind. Make the mixture into small balls, and drop them into the boiling soup about fifteen minutes before serving.

Everton Toffee. A pound and a half brown sugar, nine ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of water, one lemon. Boil the sugar, butter, water, and half the rind of the lemon together for about ten minutes. Drop a little into cold water, and if it is done enough it will turn hard at once. Draw it off the fire, and stir in the lemon juice. Then pour it to cool on a buttered plate. Some people use one pound of treacle, one pound of brown sugar, and half a pound of butter. Blanched almonds may be added by way of change. (Reply to SCHOOLBOY.)

Cabbages may be Boiled Without any Smell by observing a few simple rules. The water in the vessel must be kept boiling very fast—galloping, in fact—when the cabbage goes in, and it must be placed on the hottest part of the fire. Put in a tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of baking soda, and a gill of milk. Cover the saucepan, and, as soon as the water is boiling rapidly, push the cabbage down under it. Take off the cover, and leave it off during the entire time required for cooking. Remember that the cabbage must have plenty of water to float in. (Reply to E. E.)

Indian Corn and Wheaten Bread. People who suffer from indigestion will usually gain relief if they eat bread made as follows:—Pour two quarts of boiling water upon 3½ lbs. of Indian corn-flour, stirring it all the time; after allowing it to stand till warm, mix with it 7 lbs. of fine wheaten flour and about 2 ozs. of salt. Make a depression with your hand on the surface, and pour into it one quart of yeast, which should be thickened to the consistency of cream with some of the flour. Let it stand all night, and in the morning it should be well kneaded and allowed to stand for three hours. Divide into loaves, place in tins, allow it to stand for half an hour, and then bake. (Reply to T. A. HULL.)

Fire Balls. When a quantity of small coal, almost dust, accumulates at the bottom of the cellar, it is sometimes difficult to know what to do with it, and each bag of coal placed on the top only adds to the trouble. In country districts, where clay can be readily obtained, the coal dust should be made into balls—about the size of oranges—with half its bulk of damp clay. These, after being dried, will burn with an intense heat, not by themselves, but placed with lumps of coal on an ordinary fire. In towns where clay is not so easily procured, the dust can be worked up into balls, with just enough paraffin or other mineral oil to make them hold together. These burn famously as soon as made, and can even, with care, be used for lighting a fire when there is a scarcity of lumps of coal.

Waste Not. It is a sad fact that there is, perhaps, more extravagance in bread—the real staff of life—than in any other article. Pieces are thrown away, crumbs shaken into the fire-place, and crusts or “heels” of loaves allowed to get stale; whereas the careful housekeeper has a large dish on the top shelf of her pantry, in which every scrap and crumb of bread left unconsumed is placed. Once a week regularly these are dried—not browned—in the oven, then crushed on the paste-board or pounded in a mortar, sifted through a wire sieve, and stored in an earthenware jar. Not only are these bread crumbs useful for masking soles or cutlets, and for frying, but, soaked for some time in milk, they make the foundation of many sweet puddings, which are both nutritious and economical, and of which the style and flavour can be varied to any extent.

To Prevent Rust. Add one-fifth of oil-varnish to four-fifths of rectified spirits of turpentine; mix well, and apply to the articles with sponge. It will preserve all articles of polished steel, metal, etc., from rust. (Reply to RUSTIC.)

Anti-Catarrh. When one has a cold, and the nose is closed up, so that he cannot breathe through it, relief may be found instantly by putting a little camphor and water in the centre of the hand and sniffing it up the nose. It affords great relief. (Reply to VAUXHALL.)

Tapioca Cream. One cup of tapioca soaked overnight in water, put into a quart of cold water in the morning; let it cook slowly over steam until soft, then take the yolks of two eggs and one whole one, and beat them with a cup of sugar and a little salt; stir into the milk when boiling hot, and let it thicken, but not boil; beat the whites of the eggs with a spoonful of sugar and a little vanilla, heap on top of the cream, and set it in an oven to brown.

Savoury Scrap Pudding. Any little pieces of minced cooked meat, a quarter of a pound of suet, half a pound of flour, an onion chopped up very small, pepper, salt, and a little finely-chopped parsley. Mix all these ingredients in a basin, moisten with a little stock—just sufficient to make the mixture cling together, but it must not be wet. Place in a buttered pudding-basin, tie a cloth over it, and boil for four hours. Turn out on a dish and serve with made gravy in a sauce tureen.

Parsnips à-la-Cream. Wash and scrape the roots well, throw them into boiling water, and cut them into any desired shape. Mix a tablespoonful of fine flour with two tablespoonfuls of white stock, add a small teaspoonful of cream if possible, but milk will do; a blade of mace, pepper and salt to taste. Stir till the sauce boils up, add half an ounce of butter, put in the parsnips, hold the pan over the fire, and give it a toss round; do not use a spoon. Stand the pan by the side of the fire for ten minutes, till the parsnips get thoroughly hot, but mind that the sauce does not boil. Serve on a hot dish, with fried or toasted sippets of bread placed round. If liked, a squeeze of lemon-juice may be added at the last moment.

Home-made Cream Cheeses. A breakfast-cup full of cream makes a cheese big enough for six people. Mix a teaspoonful of salt with this cream, stir it well, and then pour the cream into a slop-basin, in which a clean piece of soft linen has been laid. When the cream has been thus turned into the cloth, draw the ends of the cloth together, holding the cream as if it were in a bag, tie it tightly with string and hang the bag in a cool place to drip; when the dripping of moisture from the bag ceases, the cheese is ready; take the bag down, turn the contents out into a clean cloth, shape it either in a neat square or any form you please, and serve it on a dish garnished with green leaves. Let it stand in a cool place until ready for use. (Reply to SYLVIA.)

Some More Good Soups. *Milk Soup (a nice dish for children).*—Ingredients:—Two quarts of milk, one saltspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, three teaspoonfuls of sugar, or more if liked, four thin slices of bread, and the yolks of six eggs. Boil the milk with the salt, cinnamon, and sugar; lay the bread in a deep pie-dish, pour over it a little of the milk, and keep it hot over a stove without burning. Beat up the yolks of the eggs, add them to the milk, and stir it over the fire till it thickens. Do not let it curdle. Pour it upon the bread, and serve. Time, three-quarters of an hour. Average cost, 8d. per quart. *Vegetable Soup.* Take a three-pint bowl of vegetables of all kinds; cut up very small; boil them in two quarts of water, with a little salt; when done, blend two tablespoonfuls of flour with a piece of butter the size of an egg, and add a pint of cream or a pint and a half of milk; boil all together, and just before serving add the yolks of two eggs mixed with a little milk. *Hare Soup.* Skin and clean the hare carefully, saving all the blood. Break the carcass into several pieces, and lay them in a pan with about a gallon of cold water and one and a half pounds of shin of beef—for ordinary purposes, bones, either cooked or raw, answer if broken up. Let it boil up and then skim well and add a couple of carrots and a turnip sliced, a good head of celery, two onions, one stuck with two or three cloves, eight or ten peppercorns, a couple of bay leaves, parsley, thyme, and a blade of mace. Let it boil slowly, but steadily, for five or six hours; then strain off the liquor and skim it thoroughly. Cut the meat from the bones, chop and pound it, rub it and the vegetables through a sieve back into the soup. Season this to taste with salt, a very little Worcester sauce and mushroom ketchup, thicken with a spoonful of arrow-root mixed smoothly with the ketchup, and let it all boil up for a few minutes, stirring it constantly, then let it cool a little and add the blood, stirring it steadily one way till the soup is thick and the colour changed. The soup must be quite hot, but not boiling, when the blood is added, or it will curdle. Put a good spoonful of wine in the tureen, pour the hot soup on it, and serve.

Creaking Hinges. In the absence of plum-bago, those who are annoyed by a creaking hinge on a door may be glad to know that by rubbing the end of a common lead pencil upon the offending part it will immediately be reduced to absolute silence. Black lead is one of the best lubricants known.

Orange Cream. One pint of milk boiled gently with one ounce of gelatine and sugar to taste. Add lemon-peel, and boil for ten minutes. Have ready half a pint of orange-juice, and the juice of one small lemon; add the boiled milk, etc., passed through a strainer; stir well for a few minutes, then place in a mould for the following day.

More Hints About Lamps. If brass, clean with rotten stone and sweet oil. If bronze, wipe them carefully, and remove all oil spilt over them. If lacquered, wash them with soap and water only. If they are foul inside, they should be washed in potash-water, then well rinsed, and thoroughly dried before the fire, before any oil is put in them.

Baked Mince. Fill a small pie-dish one-third full of mashed potatoes, into which is worked a little milk and butter. Set in the oven long enough to brown slightly; draw to the door of the oven, and fill with mutton and a few mushrooms chopped fine and well seasoned. Pour over this as much gravy as the dish will hold without running over, and put back in the oven until the gravy is almost boiling.

Copper Kettles. If you wish to clean your copper tea-kettles with very little labour, and without soiling your hands or making them rough or sore, rub them while filled with hot water with very sour butter-milk. Other sour milk will clean them, but butter-milk is preferable. Clean them thus once or twice a week, and they will keep as bright as a new penny, and your hands will not be made as rough as a grater, as is the case when salt and vinegar are used.

If you want a Good Tweed Dress Send to Messrs. Currie, M'Dougall, & Scott, Langhaugh Mills, Gala-shiels, N.B., for their patterns. The fame of Scotch tweeds is world-wide, and the firm in question make the very finest qualities of this favourite material. All tastes are consulted, and all purses. Their superior goods are simply perfection, and the cheaper ones afford wonderful value. Excellent taste is displayed in the designs. This firm also sends patterns of goods suitable for gentlemen's wear, and of the softest, warmest rugs imaginable.

Handy Hints. Butter or lard should be kept in earthen or stone ware, and in a cool place. New pots should be set over the fire with boiling water in them for several hours before food is put in them. A little borax added to the water in which scarlet napkins and red-bordered towels are washed will prevent them from fading. Tea stains are very difficult to get out if neglected. They should be soaked in either milk or warm water as soon as possible, and then soaped and rubbed out. The next washing will efface them wholly. Set a dish of water in the oven with a cake when baking and it will seldom scorch. Bottles are easily cleaned with hot water and ashes. Old tablecloths and napkins make the very best of glass cloths. Zinc is best cleaned with hot soapy water, then polished with kerosene. Apple and pear pips when bruised impart a delicious flavour to tarts.

Isobel

LADIES' WORK COMPETITION.

We offer Prizes to the value of TEN POUNDS for competition among our lady readers. The various articles which are sent to compete for these Prizes, will, after the awards have been decided, be distributed among Societies which exist for the purpose of assisting the deserving poor, regardless of sect. Thus, irrespective of the chance of gaining a substantial prize, each competitor will have the satisfaction of knowing that the articles of clothing which she sends will be devoted to a good cause.

The following are the articles for the best of which prizes will be awarded, and the value of the latter:—

	1st Prize.	2nd Prize.
1. COTTON NIGHT-DRESS—Full woman's size	20/-	10/-
2. FLANNEL PETTICOAT—Full woman's size, no tucks	15/-	7/6
3. KNITTED WOOLLEN STOCKINGS—Man's or woman's size	20/-	10/-
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5. MAN'S FLANNEL SHIRT	20/-	10/-
6. HOOD FOR CHILD UNDER SIX—Made of woollen material	15/-	7/6

Special Prizes for Young Readers.

	1st Prize.	2nd Prize.
7. CHILD'S WOOLLEN FROCK—Suitable for children between 3 and 6	20/-	10/-
(Under 12 years of age.)		
8. KNITTED OR CROCHETED WOOLLEN SCARF	10/-	5/-

All garments should be made plainly, and of warm and serviceable material. Nos. 1 and 4 may be worked either by hand or by machine. The rest must be done by hand only, and garments must not be washed before being sent in.

Name and address of sender must be attached to each garment; and, with each, must be a certificate stating that it is the unaltered work of the sender.

All competitions must be sent before Feb. 1, 1892, to ISOBEL.

Office of Pearson's Weekly, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

(The work of adjudication will be assisted if garments are sent in as soon as possible, instead of being kept until the close of the Competition.)



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Is unsurpassed for comfort and ease in wear; it sits so softly on the shoulder and is so elastic, that whilst giving to every possible strain, it is virtually imperceptible to the wearer. Special attention is called also to the little clip for supporting the drawers. The "ACARIC" is protected by patents and trade marks.

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Generous, Genuine, and Fair to all. Easy Counting Competition. Half the total amount of Entrance Fees, whether £5 or £50, will be divided amongst those counting most correctly the word "The" in 3rd, 4th, and 5th chapters of St. John's Gospel, verses only (authorised version). Enter at once, but not later than January 8th, as competition closes on that day. Entrance Fee, 1s. P.O., and stamped addressed envelope for result, which will be sent week later with Prizes. An Extra Prize given to the first correct list received. Addressed W. CULLINGFORD, 20, Thurlow Hill, West Norwood, S.E. Mention this paper.

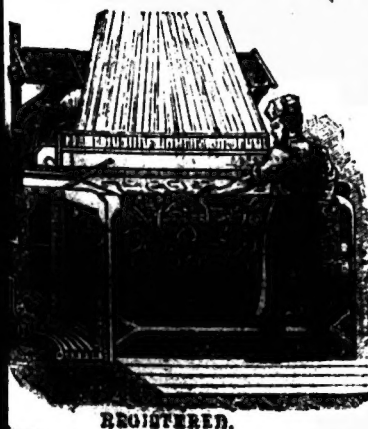
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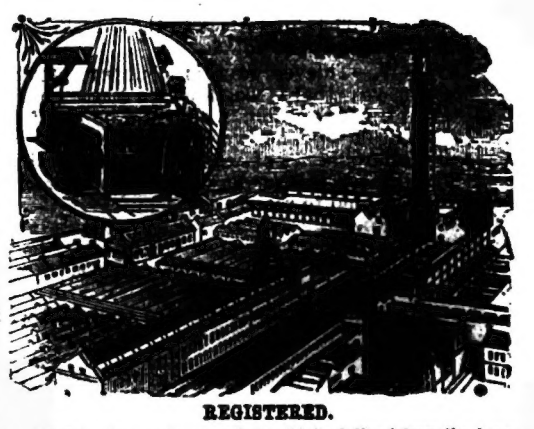
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NOTE.—Our goods can only be obtained direct from the looms. 4s ABOVE, thus saving all middle profits.

WHAT CAN WE TELL YOU?

SOME weeks ago a correspondent wrote asking us the height of the Auditorium Tower in Chicago, U.S.A., and the length of Halstead Street in that city. We used the stamped envelope which accompanied the query to reply to our correspondent, saying that we had written to a journalistic friend in America, asking for the information, and would send it to him when we received it. We have got the reply from America, but, unfortunately, find that we have not got the letter from the reader who required the information. There have been some changes in the arrangement of the office, and we are afraid it must have been lost while they were being made. We hope, therefore, that this will catch his eye. Our American friend writes:—"The Auditorium Tower, Chicago, is 280 feet high. Halstead Street is about nine miles long in the city. It leads out of the city, right away to New York, and is, I suppose, about 967 miles in length altogether. We do things on a generous scale in this country."

WILL those readers who are so kind as to interest themselves in the paper sufficiently to stick our little gummed advertisement slips about, be good enough to exercise a due amount of discretion in this matter. We have this week a long letter from a North-country correspondent, who says that in his town slips have been stuck on newly-painted doors, and in other places where they naturally cause considerable annoyance. To make such use of them as this, is to harm the paper instead of benefitting it, and we hope that our more energetic readers will avoid anything of the kind. While on this subject, we may add that we have just prepared some round gummed labels, about the size of a five-shilling piece, which lend a great deal of charm to the landscape when judiciously placed about. We shall be delighted to forward a packet of these to any reader who thinks that, with their assistance, he can improve the scenery in his neighbourhood. The other day a correspondent wrote saying that he would send some out with his Christmas cards. If this suggestion commends itself to others, we hope they will let us know.

A CONSTANT READER FROM No. 1, makes a truly appalling suggestion. He says, "Don't you think that it would be a very good idea if you published in your Christmas number all the letters you have received from the applicants for your novel prize? I am sure if you did this your Christmas number would sell well. Of course you need not put names and addresses." We never like to contradict correspondents, but we are afraid we cannot agree with this one. We sincerely hope that the Christmas number (which, by the way, is published on Tuesday next) will contain matter more likely to entertain and interest our readers than the letters in question would, though we admit that some of them are amusing enough. Besides, we promised that strict secrecy should be observed in this matter, and it shall.

ATTENTION.—We have heard of cases in which a tendency to knock-kneedness has been cured by the following simple method:—Tie the ankles together when going to bed and insert a thin pamphlet or book between the knees. After a night or two substitute a thicker one for this, and gradually increase the thickness of the book, or whatever other kind of pad you may choose to use. The result is to force the knees outwards, but so gradually that no harm is caused. People who try this should of course lie on their sides.

J. R. L.—You will be able to solace yourself with this paper on your Tuesday journeys in future. We are afraid we cannot with truth say that your appeal has been the cause of the change in the day of publication which is announced in the front page of this issue; but, at any rate, we are very glad the new departure will suit you so well.

C. V.—Yes; we do have a great many letters from people whose name is the same as that of this paper; in fact, the number of Pearsons who write to us is so astonishing, that we have been seriously considering the advisability of bringing out a paper under some such title as SMITH'S SPECIAL. The noble army of Smiths in this country is about half a million in number, and from our own experience we should imagine that a sufficiently large proportion of these would take in a paper named in this fashion to make it pay. However, we do not seem to have much time for developing the idea, so we generously present it to those readers who are of a literary turn of mind.

G. F. W.—Thieves in this country steal property every year that is worth at least seven millions; we are afraid, therefore, we should be outstripping the bounds of prudence were we to offer to recomp readers for all robberies of which they are victims. Many thanks for the suggestion, all the same. We are always glad to receive ideas.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.—We do not make any stipulations of the kind you name in the "Ladies Work Competition." If you have a petticoat by you which you consider suitable, you can send it, provided, of course, that the conditions are complied with.

OUR NOVEL PRIZE.

THE announcement of our offer of "£100 a year, and a chance to win the Great Lottery," does not appear this week, as we do not invite further applications.

In our next issue we shall publish the results of the offer. Meantime we shall be glad if the three following applicants will communicate further with us, giving their true names and addresses, references, and photographs, if these have not been sent:—A PHYSICIAN, FEATHER-BRAINS, and GRATTON VAUGHAN.

T. T.—We should be sorry to express any definite opinion as to the likelihood of the statement you mention being true. In such cases it is always as well to remember that figures have a way of growing. As Prior wrote:—

"The flying rumours gathered as they rolled,
Scarcely any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too,
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew."

W. N.—We should not advise such an extreme step. You may have posted the letter without any address. Of course you will indignantly deny the possibility of such an occurrence, but on an average half-a-dozen letters without addresses are posted in London every day, and you may have been among the forgetful six on December 5th.

AMATEUR seems to doubt whether the toad, whose undressing operations were described by E. R. T. the week before last, really ate his skin after he had removed it. AMATEUR has watched similar operations in his aquarium, and his observations lead him to believe that the skin is not swallowed after it has been drawn off, but escapes further notice owing to its transparent filmy nature.

It is many weeks since we made any acknowledgment in this page of the numerous appreciative letters which continue to reach us. We hope that those whose liking for the paper has been sufficiently strong to prompt them to write these friendly communications will not think we have been guilty of discourtesy in ignoring them. To keep referring week after week to letters in praise of the paper seemed so much like blowing our own trumpet that we ceased to do it. But, at the risk of being thought egotistical, we must again heartily thank the friends who are so far in sympathy with our efforts "To Interest, to Elevate, to Amuse," as to have troubled themselves to write encouraging letters.

J. H. M. raises quite a curious point. He says that he had occasion to go to Somerset House the other day to register a form, part of which the authorities required to be printed. This work had been done with the type-writer, but, to our correspondent's surprise, the official to whom it was presented refused it, on the plea that typewriting is not printing. J. H. M. wants to know whether the official was justified in this decision?—As to whether he was or not must be a matter of opinion. Ours certainly is that he was not. It seems to us that typewriting is perfectly entitled to be considered as printing. Each letter is separately formed with a different type, and though the method in which type and paper are brought into contact differs from that pursued in the case of an ordinary printing machine, we do not see that this difference is sufficient to withhold from typewriting the right of being considered printing.

WRITING with reference to the question DO BOYS OR GIRLS LEARN TO TALK SOONER? A YOUNG MOTHER says:—"My experience of this subject is different to that of MATEX. Our family consists of three boys. When our eldest boy was a baby, I was a great deal alone, and so devoted more time to the child than most mothers can spare. But, in spite of all my care in training him, he did not speak until he had turned two years. The second boy was quite as backward, and the third promises to be the same. They were quick, intelligent children, and from a very early age understood what was said to them, and made other people understand what they meant. I can call to mind my own eight brothers and sisters, and out of four of each sex, with but one exception, the girls talked at a much earlier age than the boys. After reading MATEX's letter yesterday afternoon, I made six calls on friends, who have children, so that I might hear their experience on the subject. In only one family did I find a boy who had talked under one year and ten months; on the other hand, all the girls had talked before that age, and, in one or two cases, as early as at twelve or fourteen months. I know it is a very general belief that girls are more forward than boys, not only in talking, but also in walking."

JACOB.—Certainly playing the piano leads to a definite expenditure of muscular force. The amount of this must, of course, depend entirely upon the character of the music played. Some compositions of a soft and slow nature call for very little exertion, while others demand a considerable expenditure of force. Probably the amount of force expended in an hour's playing varies from four to twelve foot tons, or from a twelfth to a quarter of the amount demanded by an ordinary labourer's work.

J. H. E. noticed, during a visit which he paid to the seaside last summer, a new constituent of the beach, namely, cinders. Our correspondent's theory of the presence of these on the beach is that they are the result of the combustion of coal in the furnaces of steamers plying along the coast. We should hardly have thought that the sea would have washed up cinders, produced in this way, in sufficiently large quantities to be very noticeable. Perhaps some other correspondent has a different theory to advance.

REFERRING to a recent letter headed THE DANGERS OF DANGER, A SKATER writes to say that he believes the remarks made in it apply with far greater force to those who follow the pastime of skating. "After skating about at a rapid pace for some time," writes our correspondent, "many people who become thoroughly heated by the exercise, and also tired, sit down on the pond-side to rest. When they have rested, and thus become cool, off they go again, get heated once more, and take another rest later on. In this manner the body is subjected to a succession of heat and chill, which, in a great many cases, must have most disastrous results." We agree with our correspondent. Skating is a very prevalent cause of bad colds, the reason, in most cases, being that skaters do not know when they have had enough. Long after they are thoroughly tired with the unaccustomed form of exercise, they go on skating, with the natural result that they are obliged when over-heated to rest frequently in the cold air.

VERITAS.—We quite agree with you. Railway companies would confer a great boon upon the public, with no loss to themselves, if they extended the time during which return tickets are available to, say, three months. If one has paid a return fare it cannot matter to them when the second journey is made, provided that the limit is a reasonable one, and this limit might well, we think, be considerably extended.

IN our issue dated Dec. 6th, ONE WHO RIDES A HOBBY suggested that it would be very interesting to get the opinion of readers as to which is the best hobby to ride. We thought so too, and invited correspondence on the subject. The result has been a perfect deluge of letters advocating all sorts of pursuits for leisure hours. We intended to publish one or two of these in OUR READERS' LETTER-BOX this week, but, on second thoughts, have come to the conclusion that it will be better to wait awhile and fill the whole page with a selection of the most interesting. So this will be done in the New Year's number. Next week OUR READERS' LETTER-BOX, makes way for lighter matter.

ONE WHO WORKS WITH VITRIOL writes to let our readers into the secret of neutralising the injurious effect which this liquid has upon the skin when brought in contact with it. He says:—"I am employed in an aerated water factory, and vitriol is, as you are doubtless aware, used in the making of carbonic acid gas. From a variety of causes it frequently happens that the vitriol is blown out of the retorts in which the gas is made and over me. When this occurs, a lotion, composed of one part of liquid ammonia and seven parts of water, is at once applied, and the vitriol is rendered harmless, the ammonia neutralising the acid. This also saves my clothing from being destroyed. When the skin is broken or blistered the above lotion is applied, and a linen bandage saturated with it allowed to remain on for about fifteen minutes, and then raw linseed-oil is put over the broken skin. When there is no linseed-oil at hand, I have found pure, fresh lard to have a remarkably soothing effect. I have had vitriol thrown over my skin scores of times, principally about my arms, but on two or three occasions about my face, and by the immediate application of this very simple but effective remedy, have perhaps saved myself from disfigurement."

As we have already announced, £1 a week is during this month being paid to each of the five individuals who headed the poll in the November Helping Hand Competition.

We find the space at disposal in this page for answering queries insufficient, and will therefore gladly reply by post to those readers who care to enclose stamped envelopes with their letters of enquiry. All general letters accompanied by stamped envelopes will be answered.

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Pearson's Weekly will be sent direct from the offices, post free, to any country within the Postal Union, at the following rates, prepaid:—

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On receipt of 16 stamps, we will forward, carriage free, all the parts for constructing the above invaluable appliance, together with instructions and diagrams, the whole arranged so simple that a child can put it together without any previous knowledge of electricity. The apparatus comprises richly decorated nickel-plated bell, powerful Electro Magnet, Insulated Copper Wire, Base Board, Brass Spring, Vibrating Armature, Contact Maker, with platinum connections, improved Spring Push and sundry fittings, ALTOGETHER DISTINCT PARTS.

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Will go into the watch-pocket, yet blow out four feet long and as thick as a man's arm. Immediately it is released from the hand it flies all over the room, causing the greatest consternation and terror amongst the ladies. Stroked the right way it purrs with pleasure, stroked the wrong way it sends forth BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAMS. The snake is always ready for mischief, and will cause more fun in five minutes than ordinary mortals deserve in a lifetime. Invaluable for parties, the most bashful young man invariably clutching the nearest gentleman for protection, and refusing to release him until the "MONSTER" is removed from the room. N.B. Not too much Fright, but not Fright enough. NOTE.—Beware of worthless imitations. WE ARE THE SOLE IMPORTERS. Write for our new Illustrated Lists before purchasing elsewhere.

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